

The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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OUTGENERALLED THE OLD'UN.

How Two Maidens Prevented a Father from Winning against their Sweethearts.

The Mirror of Life

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13 WEEKS 13

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OUR MOTTO.

"BE JUST AND FRANKLESS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B., Yeovil.—You can procure a pamphlet containing rules on whippet-racing by writing to the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, Strand, London.
G. B.—Your article is a trifle out of our line.

The *Britannia* won the Muir Memorial Cup of the Mudhook Regatta on the Clyde in handsome style. The *Vigilant* made a strong bid for the honours, but she was unable to keep pace with the craft owned by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

This is indeed a season for international contests, and the manner in which we have started reflects great credit upon British sportsmen. At the Henley Regatta John J. Ryan, American champion, and Joseph Wright were both easily beaten by Guy and Vivian Nickalls, respectively, so well satisfied were they of the sculling abilities of the Nickalls, that they permitted their names to be scratched in the event for the Silver Goblets.

On Monday next, the Yale athletes will probably succumb to the brawn of Oxford and that will make Old England superior to the Yankees in amateur events on land and water.

George Dixon wants to do battle with Billy Plimmer in England, and at even weights it will result in a contest well worth witnessing. Plimmer is certainly improving every day, whilst Dixon has seen his best fighting days, and, unless he got in first-class form, the dusky pugilist would fall a victim to the Brum.

The defeat of Ladas in the Princess of Wales' Stakes was a great take-down for the public, and, in fact, the majority of the racing men who are fond of an odds-on chance. The bookmakers must have

reaped a rare harvest over the result. It only goes to prove how uncertain horse-racing is, and it is poor policy for the public to become too sanguine over any event on the Turf. It is just such "scops" that the bookmakers depend upon, and it replenishes many a "bank roll" when it would appear to be critical stages of the game for the "pencilers."

HAIR-DRESSING parlours and public-houses should always keep THE MIRROR OF LIFE on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals and THE MIRROR OF LIFE is at the head of that list.

SHE FOUGHT ON STILTS.

An Amazon Who Killed a Bull Single-handed.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Writing from Havannah, Cuba, a correspondent says: "We were in for a novelty in the shape of a bull-fight the other Sunday. A young woman possessing undoubted courage essayed to enter the bull-ring, moving about with the aid of stilts. The animal appeared to be full of fight, and kept the Amazon moving about with remarkable activity. She, however, with a well-directed blow, plunged the sword she held in her right hand in the bull's neck, causing him to topple over and bleed to death."

BATH-HOUSE EPISODE AT RAMSGATE.

How Three Lads caused Confusion amongst Bathers.

(Subject of Illustration.)

It is an easy matter to effect an entrance to a bath-house because of the defective locks. Whilst a party were in bathing at Ramsgate recently, three lads full of mischief evolved a scheme whereby they could play a practical joke upon those enjoying the surf bath. They effected an entrance to the houses, and, taking out the wearing apparel, placed the ladies' clothing into the men's compartment and the men's into the ladies'.

They escaped unobserved to the side to await developments, which soon came to pass. The bathers, being made up of one party, upon returning to the houses to dress were somewhat shocked at the transformation. A general changing about was necessary, and though the men rather enjoyed the sport the ladies were loud in their denunciations of the culprits.

BERT SMITH.

A Clever Set 10lb Pugilist, of Edmonton.

(With Portrait.)

BERT SMITH, clever set 10lb pugilist, of Edmonton, was born in Lambeth, March 19, 1874, and is therefore twenty years of age. He stands 5ft 3in, and scales at 8st 10lb in fighting gear.

He took to boxing five years ago, defeating Tom Rice in four rounds for a purse. Rice not being satisfied, they fought with bare knuckles, when Smith again won in 37min.

He next beat Abe Sibley, of Hoxton, in five rounds. Smith disposed of Charley Gledhill, the set 10lb champion, in eight rounds. Smith weighed but 6st at the time.

He beat Jack Weston, now in America, at the Blue Anchor in six rounds.

He was beaten for the set championship by Tiny Gill in eleven rounds. Two weeks later, however, he beat Gill in three rounds.

Beat Mike Neal in three rounds; beat E. Bevington in three rounds; beat Bill Miller, three rounds; beat Frank Gaunt, left, three rounds; beaten by Mike Small, six rounds; beat Mike Walters, one round; beat George Cunningham, two rounds, National Sporting Club; beat Dick Fringley, six rounds, at Habbs' farm; beaten by Fred Terry, six rounds, Westgate-on-Sea; beat Terry, five rounds, Raglan Music Hall; draw of twelve rounds with Gus Beaumont at Yarmouth; beat Charley Harrison, twelve rounds; beaten by Fatty Harvey, twelve rounds; beat Bob Noon, three rounds, Birmingham; beaten by Jack Brown, eight rounds, Walsall; beat George Gent, nine rounds, Kennington Club, 250; beaten by Jack Sweeney, six rounds, Raglan Music Hall. THE MIRROR OF LIFE said at the time that Smith had won and was entitled to the decision. His last contest was with Jim Racey of Battersea at Paris. Smith won in seven rounds.

Smith has travelled all through England with a boxing booth, taking on all comers, and always held his own regardless of who faced him.

KICKS FROM THE EDITOR.



THE BETTER THE DAY THE BETTER THE DEED.—We feel as though we have gotten back our old form again, and this issue should compare favourably with any of its predecessors. They say that the better the day the better the deed, and if that is really so we have done one good deed, because we ground out over six columns on Sunday. Our family were away to church and prayed for our welfare, and we are satisfied our prayers bore fruit, because we were right in it for gossip. Torrid weather is in keeping with our health, and we frequently surprise ourselves by the vast amount of work we can accomplish. We don't get extra pay for Sunday and night work, because we are owed body and soul by the paper.

LUNCHEON ON POSTAGE STAMPS.—After addressing over a thousand circular letters the other day we were requested to utilise our tongue to lick the stamps. It happened about lunch time, and it is remarkable the way it destroyed our appetite for food. It kept us dry, however, and we quaffed many a tankard of fourpenny before the muddle disappeared in the stomach. It is a great scheme, because as the muddle washed down, it is odds on your food sticking to you in good shape. We find we were so successful that we shall make an effort to secure a berth at the post-office as a convenience to people who desire to stick stamps on letters. Such an undertaking would create quite an innovation in the labour market, and doubtless we should have many competitors who would offer to keep their tongues out for twelve hours a day for the public to wet stamps upon.

WE ARE ABSENT-MINDED.—A man who is absent-minded is more to be pitied than blamed. We are unfortunate enough to be afflicted thusly, and though we strive to keep our thoughts collected, we continue to blunder in a ridiculous fashion. We can readily forgive ourselves for neglecting to wash on rising in the morning, and don't believe we should be censured for forgetting to partake of breakfast or even kiss our family good-bye; but we did make a bloomer the other day which we shall not soon forget. Our eldest lad called at the office in order to accompany us home; on our way to the station we concluded to make a small purchase and requested the boy to stop in a doorway till we came out. We did come out and went home alone. We actually forgot all about the lad and the following morning on coming through Fleet Street we noticed that our offspring was still "holding the fort." He is a stayer and when we apologised he merely remarked that he proposed to obey our commands, even if he was forced to remain there till the hot country we speak so much about had froze over.

HE HAS OUR SYMPATHY.—We do regret that our friend Jack Ellis has gone so completely after the dogs, and if he don't stop winning all the first prizes at the dog shows held in this kingdom he will be compelled to purchase a mammoth building to put his trophies in. In the bull-dog division, he is the proud possessor of probably the best-bred canines in this country or the United States, and so infatuated is he that he will go to the ends of the earth to witness an exhibit where any man even hints at having better stock than Jack. We should like to kidnap one of his best, but we are awfully afraid of anything that stands on four legs.

THE NEW ARRIVAL IS HERE.—There are stages of one's life when excitement is bound to prevail. We arrived at that stage the other evening, when we were informed that something out of the ordinary was about to transpire. It arrived all right and it's a boy. We can't say we shall be any too proud of it, because we have passed through the same ordeal so many times that we only regard it as an actual necessity. We will admit, however, that we were a trifle anxious, and sat in the passage way till past midnight, when the news was conveyed to us by the nurse. The only thing we regret is that for the coming

week or two we shall be compelled to resign all claim on the most comfortable sleeping apartment in our establishment. What price the crying and kicking these hot nights when we are called upon to nurse the new arrival and walk it to sleep? We are always putting our foot in it. If it is not trouble in one source it's bound to crop up in another, and as we live mostly on kicking; the troubles arising from time to time supply us with our ammunition.



INCAPACITATED AT LAST.—When we were informed that it was an utter impossibility for a man to raise himself clear of the floor by grasping the seat of his trousers, we naturally desired to accomplish the task. Taking a good grip, we started with a slow but gradual lift, getting full benefit of our muscular development. We must have done what we set out to, but ambition urged us into trying to reach the ceiling. Merciful heavens! We dropped; something gave way; the very portion of our trousers we had hold of had done so much service in the past that no other result could have been anticipated. When we started for home it was necessary to wear a long top coat. We have made our last kick, and though it is with regret that the kicker comes to such an ignominious end, we still feel that it will be another example where talent must be crushed. When in future you are commiserating over those whom you have known, please shed a solitary tear for the kicker who now greets you farewell! farewell! a long farewell.

SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE.

A Scottish Husband's Discovery after Hearing Voices in the Night.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In the Court of Session at Edinburgh July 4, proof was laid before Lord Kyllachy in an action for divorce by Claud Alexander, the younger, of Ballochmyle, Ayrshire, against his wife, Lady Diana Montgomerie, a sister of the Earl of Eglinton. A special defence was set up. Petitioner stated that he lived happily with his wife until January last, and there had been two children of the marriage. They had, however, for some years occupied different bedrooms. In January, while at Whitburn, near Sunderland, they made the acquaintance of a military gentleman, named Harold Allison, who subsequently was invited to Logan at the suggestion of the respondent to complete a party for a hunt ball about to take place. One night petitioner, hearing voices in his wife's bedroom, went in, and on pulling down the bedclothes he found Allison concealed under them. He called the housekeeper, and told Allison to return to his room, intimating that a conveyance would take him to catch the first train next morning. Subsequently there was a scene between the respondent and himself; she declared herself tired of him, and said she would do the same thing again. She displayed a ring which she said Allison had given her, and refused to take it off. Before Allison left he shook hands with the respondent and said he would marry her. Witness denied that he had been intimate with a Miss Houlden, and in cross-examination said he and his wife occupied different bedrooms, because she complained that he snored, and kicked the clothes off. He never swore at her or shook her. Before she left she said there could be no possible defence to the present action. Several witnesses were examined to show that Mr. Alexander and his wife lived happily together, and that the petitioner had never been unkind to the respondent. Other witnesses spoke as to the respondent and co-respondent being together at Lockerbie.

SPORTING ANECDOTES.



HE TOOK THEM IN.—In his third fight with Tom Belcher, Dutch Sam pretended to be ill, and dropped his head on his second's shoulder several times, as if beaten. It was merely a ruse he adopted to inform his Petticoat Lane friends that he was sure to win. Considerable money was wagered, and after one more round, he planted one of his deadly body blows which dropped Belcher, and practically settled the fight. Tom came up for another round, when Sam cried out: "Dere, mine hearts, I could haf done dat ven half hour ago; you vill come back again, ain't it? Vell, I do what I likes mit him, pritty quick;" and he did, too, because that round finished Belcher.

HE MADE A SHIRT.—Not many years ago the police on Long Island, near New York city, made a raid on a cockpit and captured a dozen game cocks and eighty odd sports. The culprits were marched to a police station close by, whilst on bringing the birds there in bags the police captain concluded they would have to be sent to some one who could produce them in evidence the following morning. It happened that it fell to the lot of a livery stableman to care for the cocks, and he, being an admirer of that sport, substituted hens for the cocks. When the sports were marched up into the police court the following morning they pleaded not guilty. The bags were cut open, and imagine the surprise of the prosecutor when he perceived nothing but hens walk about cackling. Seeing he was duped, a plea was entered charging the culprits with disorderly conduct. A fine of a dollar apiece was imposed, whereas had they produced gamecocks it would have meant three months' imprisonment each. The man who shifted the birds was ever afterwards the butt of the sports, who to this day ask him how his fighting hens are coming out.



NOT SO EASY AS IT LOOKED.—Several years since a certain pugilist was sentenced to three months' labour on the "tread-mill," and when first put to work he remarked, "This is a fine game, I can get in good form at this; I didn't know it was so easy." Matters progressed serenely for about ten minutes, when the novelty wore off, and the muscles in the calf of his legs commenced to contract; then the sport started. He jumped down and gave the keepers some trouble in forcing him back. There was no way out of the difficulty, and the pugilist suffered untold misery. The "tread-mill" was not the only obnoxious feature, because he had been accustomed to high living, and a sudden change to a bread and water diet caused him to lose weight rapidly. Through friends he was given the benefit of a piece of steak, which they would occasionally smuggle in. On one occasion his chest presented an inflated appearance, and the keeper asked him what he had inside of his shirt. "A porous plaster, you blooming mug," he replied. With the assistance of two others the keeper got him down, and unbuttoning the

shirt extracted a beautiful piece of rump steak between two slices of bread. A vigilant eye was afterwards kept on the fighter, and when he completed his sentence he was a much depressed but wiser individual.



SAGACITY OF DOGS.—Some years ago a gentleman in the county of Stirling kept a greyhound and a pointer, and being fond of coursing, the pointer was accustomed to find the hares and the greyhound to catch them. When the season was over it was found that the dogs were in the habit of going out by themselves, and killing the hares for their own amusement. To prevent this, a large iron ring was fastened to the pointer's neck by a leather collar, and hung down so as to prevent the dog from running or jumping over the dykes. The animals, however, continued to stroll out in the fields together, and one day the gentleman resolved to watch them; to his surprise, he found that the moment they thought they were unobserved, the greyhound took up the iron ring into his mouth, and carrying it, they set off to the hills and began to search for hares as usual. The gentleman pursued, and noticed that whenever the pointer scented the hare, the ring was dropped, and the greyhound stood ready to pounce upon the hare the moment the pointer drove it out; but he uniformly returned to assist his companion when he had accomplished his object.

WON HIS WAGER.—At a public-house at Knightsbridge many years ago, Boyne, a labourer, laid a wager that he could devour, without drinking, twenty-four red herrings and two ounces of mustard whilst a corpulent publican walked half a mile on the road. He proved successful, because he completed his task within eight minutes, whilst the publican was above eight minutes walking the distance.



THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.—An Archbishop of Canterbury, making a tour into the country, stopped at an inn for refreshment. Being at the window he noticed, some distance off in a solitary wood, a well-dressed man talking and acting a kind of part. His curiosity becoming excited, he repaired to the wood and asked the man what he was doing. "I am at play," he replied; "I am in the midst of a game of chess with the Lord." The Archbishop smiled and asked him if he played for anything, remarking that the Lord was certainly the superior player. "He plays like a man," responded the individual, "and takes no advantage of me. I have just lost the game for fifty guineas, and he generally sends someone to me to collect, and you are the worthy purse-bearer." Saying this he pulled out his purse, counted fifty guineas, and placed them in his Grace's hand. He then retired, remarking he would not play any more that day. The prelate was quite fascinated, and believed there was more in the man than he had discovered. He continued his journey, however, and distributed the money amongst the poor. Upon his return he stopped at the same inn; and perceived the same individual at play. He walked to where the man stood, and asked him how he had been getting along. "I have played several games to-day, Sir," said the man, "and the advantage is on my side. I have won 500 guineas, and as the Lord pays and collects in the same manner, he has sent you to me to pay. He is remarkably punctual on such occasions." The man knew the Archbishop had received a large sum of money on that day, and produced a pistol which he pointed at the prelate's head. The latter discovered that the man was nothing short

of a thief, and he was under the painful necessity of handing over the money he had on his person.



HE MET HIS MASTER.—In Yorkshire men fighting use their feet or hands, and have it what they term up and down. In a certain little village, some fifty years since, two men were bared to their waists and indulged in their battle. They went down, and after grovelling about the floor for several moments, one jumped to his feet and kicked three of his opponent's ribs in. That settled the prostrate one, and the victor challenged anyone present to a battle. He partook of considerable beer and soon became intoxicated. It happened that a town with a performing bear struck him that evening, and the men were singled out to do battle. "No, no," replied the stranger, "I don't like Yorkshire fighting—hugging, biting, and kicking is not my game; but I have a friend who is used to such things. If you like, I'll back him for a crown." "Aye, aye, dom him, fot him along, I'll fight any mon in th' country." The party repaired out into the dark, and Bruin was brought forward on his hind legs. In this erect posture the intoxicated man was easily imposed upon. "Dom thee," he said, "I'll fight a better man than thee, up or down," and made an attempt to seize Bruin round the body; but feeling the roughness of his hide, he exclaimed, "Come, come, I'll tak no advantage; poo off thy top coat and I'll fight thee." The bear failed to comply with the request, but gave him a hug that nearly broke his ribs in. "I gi in mon, I'll have no more of thee." The audience burst out in laughter, and when the bear was brought into the tap room the fighting man allowed he was fairly "tuk in."

HIS GROOM WAS AN ASS.—At a Lewes race meeting a sporting baronet, now deceased, was standing some distance from the post when the horses came in and his groom informed him that his mare had won, when the bookmakers knew it had lost. The Baronet went up to the stewards in a passion, and thus addressed them: "Sir, my groom informs me that my mare won the race." "Sir J., was the reply of the Stewards, "your groom is an ass; he may impose upon you, but we only are the judges here." The Baronet apologised, and dropped the argument.

MEMOIRS OF DAVID HUDSON.



DAVID HUDSON first saw the light of day in Rotherhithe, in 1799, stood 5ft 7in, and fought below 11st. When below twenty years of age he found pleasure in thrashing "petticoat pensioners," and beat many who were considered of good fistic prowess. His first match of importance was against West Country Dick for fifty guineas a-side. They met at Rickmansworth, Friday, July 10, 1818, and Dick was a favourite at 2 to 1 on. In the first round the competitors closed, but soon broke away. A sharp rally followed, and Dick

was thrown. Up to the eighth round both did very clever work, when Hudson got in on the ribs and sent Dick down. When time was called for the ninth round Dick tried to leave his second's knee, but in rising he seemed to bend double, and pointed to his ribs. Hudson was awarded the battle. This sudden termination of the fight electrified the sports, who found that when Dick went down he struck a stake. The battle occupied 14 minutes and 5 seconds. Dave fought Ballard for a small purse, on Kennington Common, April 15, 1819. It proved to be a most determined battle on both sides, and 1 hour and 45 minutes had elapsed before Ballard was compelled to acknowledge himself defeated. He was punished severely, and had both eyes closed up. Hudson, too, was well punished.

At Wallingham Common, June 18, 1819, he met Harry Holt for a purse of twenty guineas, and Holt was the favourite at 5 to 4. The game of Holt had been correctly ascertained upon more than one occasion, and his character stood well as a scientific boxer. He was not in good condition, however, because he had walked from London to the battlefield. Hudson, too, was out of condition, having just emerged from a spell of illness, and upon stripping looked quite yellow. They set to with much spirit, when Holt took the lead, and nobbed Hudson down.

In the last round Holt continued to fight, but he couldn't stand up to receive the blows of Hudson, and went down repeatedly; while, on the contrary, Hudson seemed to be getting fresher, and he frequently ran and jumped to get in at Holt. The latter would not given in and he was taken out of the ring by the request of a noble lord after battling 1½ hours. It was a capital fight and both men covered themselves with fistic glory.

Hudson had now got so greatly in favour that he was backed against Scroggins for 50 guineas a-side, and the battle took place March 13, 1820, at Dagenham Beach, in Essex.

The road exhibited much bustle about ten o'clock in the morning, and past one in the afternoon the men entered the ring. Scroggins stood up for thirty-four rounds, and attempted to hit, but it was all up, as he was quite exhausted. Hudson came out a conqueror without hardly a scratch in 40min 3sec. It was a case where youth was served.

They again met at Chelmsford races, July 27, 1820, for a purse of 20 guineas. It was a sharp fight, but Scroggins was very much out of condition, and succumbed in twenty-five minutes.

Hudson was backed against Martin, and they met at Moulsey Hurst, October 24, 1820. The men entered the ring in a shower of rain, and on stripping both appeared in the best condition possible to get. The men stood before each other for upwards of seven minutes in attitude, without making an attempt to hit. The steadiness of Martin was beautiful, but his length was so impressive that Hudson exercised great caution so he would not receive the first blow. Several exchanges followed, and when the round closed at the end of ten minutes Martin was a favourite. In a few more rounds it proved that Hudson's friends had been too confident, because he was overmatched, and, in consequence, was, for the first time, defeated.

Hudson and Green fought in a barn at Chelmsford, Jan. 11, 1821, for £20. In the seventeenth round Hudson came up quite fresh, and hit Green all to pieces, and, by way of a finisher, cross-buttocked Green so severely that he could not come again.

Hudson then went up to Green and said:—"You are not half so good a man as I expected, from the chaffing there has been about you; but, nevertheless, I will give you half a guinea." The battle occupied forty-five minutes.

Shortly after this transaction Dave again entered the lists with Green on a common, near the Old Marks Gate, in Essex, Feb. 27, 1821, for £50. In this battle Green behaved manfully, and stood up to fight for twenty rounds, when he went down quite done up. Hudson was proclaimed conqueror in forty minutes. Through an accident he lost an eye, and Hudson was therefore unable to make any further strides to the front ranks.

JOHN BROUGH.

Amateur Champion Wrestler at Lancashire Style.

(With Portrait.)

JOHN BROUGH, of London, is conceded to be the best amateur wrestler in the kingdom at Lancashire style, and during the past few years he has won about every contest he has taken part in. Brough has none of the heavy-weight amateurs at catch-as-catch-can wrestling for a suitable trophy.

"Mr. Fraser," questioned the little boy curiously, "can your bref talk?"

"Why, no, my little man; why do you ask such a question?"

"Cause I heard ma say it wasn't necessary for anybody to tell her you drank that your bref spoke for itself."



BATH-HOUSE EPISODE AT RAMSGATE.
How Three Lads Caused Confusion Amongst Bathers.

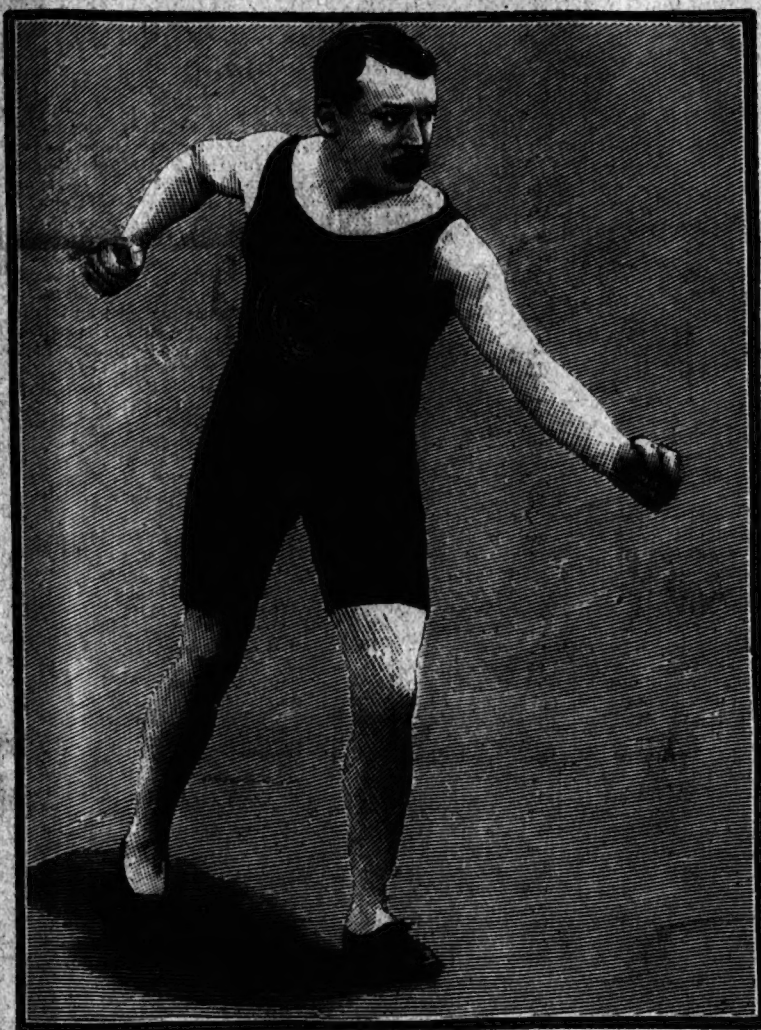


APPEARANCES WERE DECEPTIVE.
How a Manchester Tough, was Taken Down by a Swell.



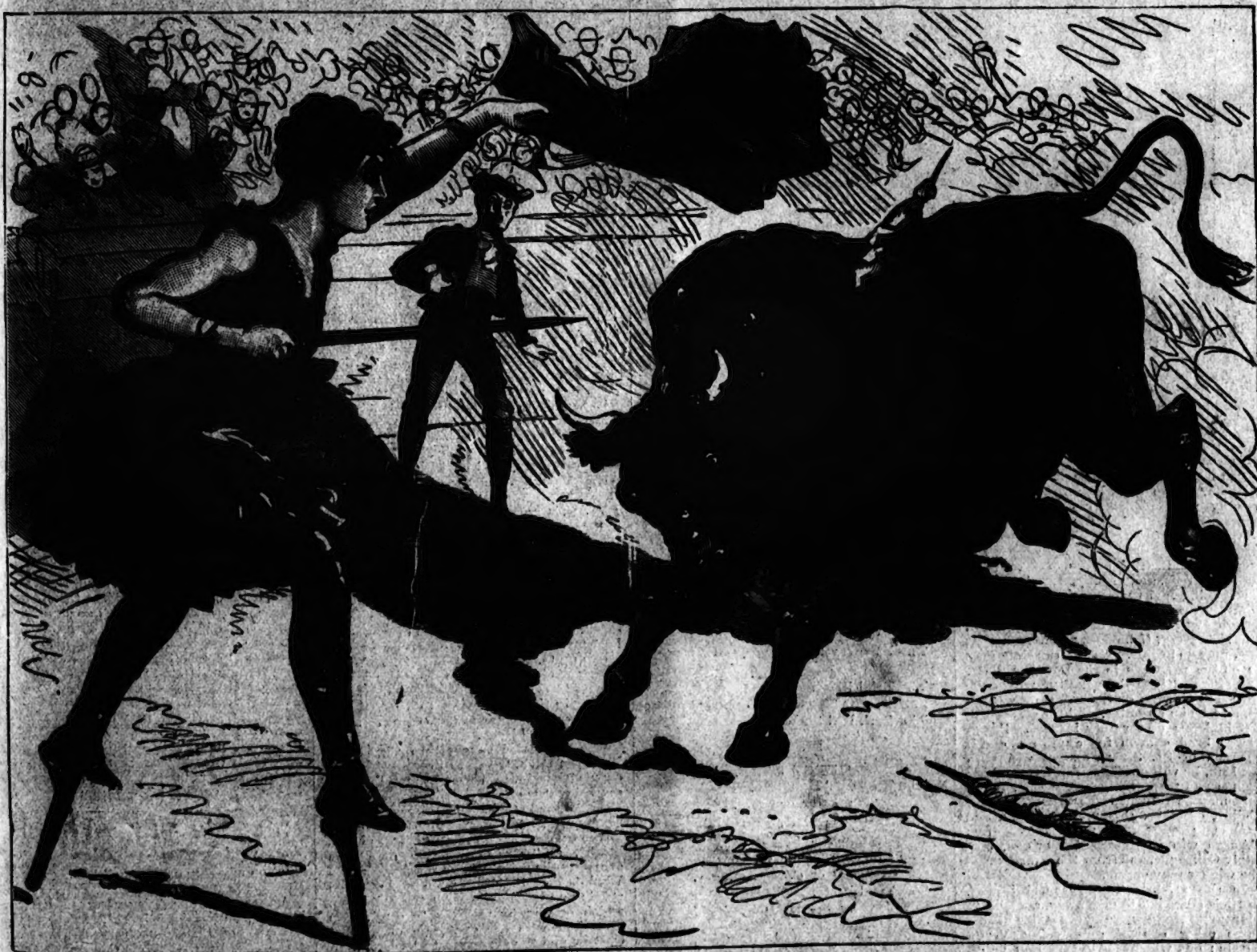
JOHN HIGGINS.

The Champion Jumper, who Beat Macdonald at Bury.



MARNEY KING.

Champion Amateur 120-yard Runner of the Midlands.



SHE FOUGHT ON STILTS.

An Amazon who Killed a Bull Single-handed.

TURF NOTES.



CARLISLE, STOCKBRIDGE, PONTEFRAC, HAMILTON, and HURST PARK FINALS.

At present there is nothing of sufficient importance from an ante-speculative point of view to awaken the interest for future events. A few enquiries after those concerned in the Hurst Park fixture have favoured Esmond and Victor Wild; the latter's friends, it appears, have been glad to accept the seven offered, but this price should be easily obtained at the post, the odds at present being much too short, and in an unreliable market had better be left alone. A waiting policy with this one will be better business. I do not think he can successfully defeat Dornroschen, who was conceding this son of Albert Wild and Wild Huntress on their last occasion 9lb, whereas now she receives 17lb, which may enable her to hold the colt, although disappointing her followers in the Epsom Plate, and in the Queen Prize at Kempton her seventh must be overlooked, for if the performance in the Nottingham Handicap was her true form it has only to be repeated here to take all the beating the best can give, and with Esmond, who forfeited his last engagement to take part in this, there is no better candidate in the field, and who I am told is now in the pink of condition, and should all go well he will carry the confidence of those connected with the stable, and I fully expect to see him finish in the front rank. Between Lady Hermit and Macready there is little to choose; in the Lancashire Handicap last November she beat a representative field, and if in the same mood it is difficult to see how she can possibly be beaten. Her opponents are on no better terms now than formerly, and if a surprise is in store it may be that her Ladyship may effect it. St. David has recently been carrying welters, and the 9st now will be well within his limit, and with Watts in the saddle the Saint should be there as well. Simon Fraser, who on his Lewes running is the pick of the handicap, and his light weight will enable him to repeat that triumph, and I quite expect this one of the middle division to trouble Judge Ford, and as an outside investment the chance of Simon Fraser is second to none, who may, with Esmond, Dornroschen, and St. David, supply the first three. Victor Wild should not be able to carry the weight, hence I leave him out of the calculations.

The Carlisle Meeting will be concluded to-day, where the various stables are well represented, for in many instances they are doubly so throughout the programme, so that a good attendance is sure to result, and the going, which is in first-class order, should tempt owners to try their luck. The best class will appear in the Devonshire Handicap Stakes, where Kyle is not out of it; he was selected by the talent in preference to Pot Luck for the Manor Cup at Newton, and no mistake was made, as he readily accomplished his task to the general satisfaction. Tilton's recent third in the Northumberland Plate and second to Cardrona on the concluding day of the Newcastle Meeting shows him to be in form just now, and his opponents' order of merit being less than on those two occasions, he may do better. The running on Tuesday will of course bear upon this event, and Low Moor, if he does not win on that day, may do in this. With a run Hale may be on the premises in the Lowther Plate, and Pickled Berry's penalty, which he earned at Newton on Saturday, may cause him to be an absentee, and the stable will put Malchus up for duty instead. Petros is well bred enough for anything, and if the son of St. Simon cannot win with 6st 12lb, he will not be worth his corn bill; he has run respectably before this, and if sent may be returned the winner. In the Eglinton Stakes, Repay, Kilmallock, and Stone Chack are about the best to follow; I'Anson will be represented by one, probably Colleague, and from those mentioned the winner may spring.

In the Carlisle Two-Year-Old Stakes, Lottie's Dude has to give away a stone to his nearest attendant, and the stable having three other strings may select Vestal Virgin; but whichever is sent will be all there, and Fancy Bread, with Oxford Blue, are next best, but these would only have a chance in the absence of Lottie's Dude, whose class is much superior.

At Stockbridge, in the Beaufort Handicap Plate, Miss Patty looks likely; but they are a mixed lot, and in coupling Shelley and Black Buck with her, one of the three should pay for the investment. The Stockbridge Foal Stakes, T. Cannon has Forard On, Minnehaha, Ulverston, and Buster; the last-named will be the chosen one, and will win; Dross is only moderate, and most of the others are untried. The Cup at this meeting is at the Mercy of Grey Leg; but Arcano, who has also placed this trophy to his owner's credit, may do so again, and between them and Be Cannie the issue will rest.

Kilcock, Petrovitch, and Cable I like in the order written for the Mottisfont Plate, and Morny Cannon's leg up in this race should be all there; and as he is likely to steer two or three good winners at this meeting, all his mounts should be followed.

On Thursday, Shrove Cake, Rowenzori, and Canobie, the first-named for choice, in the Scurry Selling Welter; and Lieber-shede will be had to beat in the Allington Plate, and may be followed home by El Gaucho and Whitestone.

The Hurstbourne Stakes may fall to Curzon, but as he is also in the Troy Stakes on the same day, whichever be the journey he will win; in his absence in the first-named event it may go to Spur Royal, and Cheam and Small Mint in the second.

Irish Wake will have no difficulty in accounting for the Longstock Plate, where in a small field Winford may get a situation.

At Pontefract, in the Great West Riding Plate, Tiltens looks good business, and with Sedge Chat and Cardrona almost sure to compete, the win will, I think, be placed to the first-named. The Alexander Welter, Loyal Maid, who won the Speculative Plate here, will be the best, and between her and Pomade there should be little to choose. On Friday Old Hoppy and the Lady Salisbury colt are well in the Pontefract Handicap Plate, and in selecting two in the Trial Handicap, the best of which may be Skirt Dance and Flat Fish, and the following selections for the week are as under:—

CARLISLE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

The Devonshire Handicap Stakes,

Tiltens or Low Moor.

The Lowther Plate,

Hale.

The Eglinton Stakes,

Repay.

The Two-Year-Old Stakes,

Lottie's Dude.

STOCKBRIDGE.

The Beaufort Handicap Plate,

Miss Patty or Black Duck.

The Johnstone Plate,

The Islander.

The Stockbridge Foal Stakes,

Buster.

The Stockbridge Cup,

Arcano.

The Mottisfont Plate,

Kilcock or Cable.

THURSDAY:—

The Scurry Selling Welter,

Shrove Cake.

The Allington Plate,

Lieber-shede.

The Hurstbourne Stakes,

Curzon.

The Troy Stakes,

Cheam.

The Longstock Plate,

Irish Wake.

PONTEFRAC.

The Great West Riding Plate,

Tiltens or Sedge Chat.

The Alexander Welter Plate,

Loyal Maid or Pomade.

The West Riding Champagne Trial,

Jim Selby.

The Castle Plate,

Cantercross.

FRIDAY:—

The Pontefract Handicap,

Old Hoppy.

The Trial Plate,

Skirt Dance.

The Park Hill Stakes,

Samuel.

HURST PARK.

The Stewards' Handicap,

Godwit or Fleas.

The Spelthorn Plate,

Gold Hackle.

The Kingston Handicap,

Gatheral or Golden Garter.

The Trial Plate,

Lady Mining.

The Scurry Handicap,

Bransford.

HAMILTON PARK.

The Bothwell Handicap,

Capasia or St. Marnock.

The Licensed Victuallers' Welter,

Elms.

The Glasgow Plate,

Tiltens.

The Rathven Plate,

Minnam.

SATURDAY:—

The Hamilton Park Handicap,

Antonie Pierri.

The Montrose Handicap,

Foppus.

The Motherwell Plate,

Ravelaw Witch.

HURST PARK.

The Ulub Summer Handicap,

Simon Fraser or Rowenzori.

The Hounslow Plate,

Astana.

The Surrey Handicap,

Hellance or Castle Seple.

The Middlesex Two-Year-Old Plate,

Gemma Bonall.

CHALK.

DIED FROM FRIGHT.

On the Clay Bank ranch near Del Rio, Texas, some herders recently came across the body of a man lying in a little hollow among some rocks. About his neck was coiled a large rattlesnake, while another huge monster had crept in at the open collar of his flannel shirt. The man attacked the first snake and killed it, but not being aware of the presence of the second, he was one of the party tried to assist him under the shirt in order to ascertain if the man was really dead, the snake raised its head and struck at him, giving him only time to hastily snatch his hand out of reach of the creature's fangs.

On examination it was found that the man had only been dead a few hours, and from his healthy appearance it is believed that he lay down to sleep in the hollow when the snakes, crawling from the rock-heap close at hand, had coiled themselves about him for warmth, the nights here being still cold. The body indicated no bite from the reptiles, and the man's wide-open eyes, full of a silent horror, give the impression that he woke to find the snakes upon him, and died of terror. The man was decently dressed, and had a silver watch with the initials "W. J." engraved on the inner side of the case.

STRIKERS IN CHICAGO.

The railway strikers in Chicago are carrying on affairs with rather a high hand and, unless the government resort to rather harsh measures, serious difficulties are pretty certain to crop up, which will border closely upon a civil war. Early in the morning on July 6, large mobs assembled at the railway junction points and prevented the milk trains from entering the city. They stoned and upset the milk cars, and also threw stones at the passenger trains. At Kensington the mob detached an engine from a milk train and ran it half a mile along the line. Then they started it back alone at full speed, and it dashed into the cars left on the track, smashing them up also being wrecked itself. The mob fired a volley at the strikers, killing two of them and wounding a number of others.

The Chicago stockyards were furiously attacked by the mob. Cars were overturned, switch-handles were burnt, and the switches rendered useless. A crowd numbering 1,000 persons looted a train consisting of eighteen provision cars on the Wabash Railway. Women filled their aprons with stolen goods, and children staggered along the line with heavy loads. All declared that they were starving. The regular troops, on making their appearance, were received by the strikers with groans and shouts of "Run 'em out!" "Kill the curs!" The occurrences can, in short, only be likened to those of the Paris Commune. Anarchy and violence were rampant. Thousands of angry men and shrieking women gathered almost instantaneously at a score of points miles apart, and while the Regulars succeeded in holding some at bay, the others gave themselves up to looting and pillaging. While thousands of persons are hungry and almost starving, tons of choice meat are rotting in the cars owing to lack of ice. The crowds threaten to burn every railroad and shop in Chicago.

The mob tried to overturn the cars in Brighton Park, but were prevented by the deputy-sheriffs, who shot at and wounded several of the strikers. The engineer of a Rock Island train was stoned by the rioters, and had many of his ribs broken. While the rioting of the strikers was at its height, and every available man was guarding the railways and stockyards, the World's Fair buildings were fired at three points by incendiaries. All the buildings, which cost many millions to erect, were destroyed, with the exception of the Art Gallery and the Government building.

The whole of the buildings had recently been sold to a wrecking company, who were about to remove the material. They had paid 100,000 dollars for it. Over eighty acres were devastated by the fire.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The veteran Barney Sheppard was beaten in a game of skittles by Charley Elms, of Chelsea, at the Aquatic Stores, Waterside, Chelsea, July 4. The conditions of the match were to play 21 chalks up to a four-foot mark, for a £10 trophy and a spread for a dozen. Elms was returned the winner by a score of 21 to 19.

TOM CANNON and Tom McInerney held another one of their "séances" at Liverpool July 6. The programme called for a catch-as-catch-can wrestling contest, best in three falls, and the stake in abeyance was advertised as £100. Great heavens! we almost forgot to mention that nothing short of the world's championship was at issue too. Cannon got the first fall in 11 min. The second fell to the lot of McInerney in 6 min. In the third bout Cannon claims to have been in danger of having a leg broken and quit. This leaves it open now for them to wrestle a third match because each has secured a victory.

An 8st open competition was decided at the Athletic Institute, Plaistow, the other evening. Dick Edwards, of Canning Town, fought his way through to a win. In the first round of trial bouts he stopped Jack Johnson in the second round. Jack Shields stood up to the latter part of the third round with Edwards in the second round of trials, and in the final bout Edwards was beaten by Fred Ellick in less than 3 min.

In a glove fight for £10, at Cheltenham, July 4, T. Roach defeated F. Burge in eight rounds.

GEORGE JOHNSON and Tom Causer both seek a match with Harry Sparden, but as the 9st champion is suffering from an injured arm he will be unable to accommodate either of them till the autumn.

FRED JOHNSON has been challenged by Solly Smith to fight to a finish at 8st 10lb for £200 to £500 a-side and a purse. Smith will allow expenses to have the battle occur in the States, or he will accept reasonable expenses and come to England to fight.

The surplus subscriptions to the Princess of Wales' Stakes, won by Isinglass, increased the value of the race to £11,801, of which Mr. M'Calmont, as the owner and nominator of Isinglass, receives £10,901, the Duke of Westminster, who was second with Bullington, £700, and Earl Rosebery, third, with Ladas, £200.

On Monday, July 16, an entertainment will take place at the North Middlesex Hall, Edmonton; four contests of eight rounds each are set for decision. The program will be opened with Bert Gooch versus Bill Daniels. Ted Beach, of West Green, and Bill Parsons will try conclusions in a six-round contest, and Bill Nolan, of Drury Lane, is matched for a purse against Steve Smith, of West Green. Bill Bolton, of St. George's, and Tom Snowdown, of Lambeth, contest the best of eight rounds, and the brothers Pickard will give an exhibition of boxing and wrestling; Arthur Callan and Jack Gover; Goody York, the winner of Frank Hinde's 8st 6lb competition, will dispute four rounds with Joe Rampling, of Finsbury; and Charley Rowles, the coming champion of Wood Green, who lately defeated F. Callan, will spar with H. Harrison, of Tottenham. Interest promises to be well sustained throughout, and the promoters have done everything for the comfort of visitors, and close and lively contests are expected.

BERLIN COURT SCANDAL.

CAPTAIN VON KOTZE, the official in the Lord Chamberlain's office at Berlin, who was arrested about a fortnight ago on the charge of having written a number of shameful and calumnious letters, and of having sent pictures of the same kind to some of the highest ladies of the land, was released from prison on Friday. It is stated that the Kaiser ordered the release on the ground that there was no similarity between his handwriting and that of the author of the incriminated letters. It is needless to add that people in Berlin insist that this ought to have been discovered sooner, and that a man holding Captain von Kotze's position should not have been arrested unless the evidence against him was overwhelming. From the outset he declared he was innocent, and that the Kaiser would eventually apologise to him for the unwarranted treatment to which he had been subjected.

"ANOTHER dress. It takes a good deal of money to keep you in clothes, Mary."

"Am I not your wife?"

"You are—my dear wife."

A YEAR or so ago Tammany set out to boycott the New York World. It is due to the truth of history to remark that The World still lives.—Buffalo Courier.

IRATE FATHER: "When I die I shall leave you without a penny."

CALM SON: "Certainly. You can't take money along you know."

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

— That George Spurden, brother of the 9st champion, is quite ill.
— That the Prince of Wales has arranged with Mr. George Gould for a private match between the *Vigilant* and the *Britannia*, to be sailed on July 23 over the course of the Royal Yacht Club, starting and finishing at Cowes.

— That Lord Rosebery has kindly given his permission for the Epsom Harriers to hold their meeting at Woodcote Grove on Thursday, July 12. Bob Nightingall and E. C. Clarke are on the warpath for entries.

— That the Duchess of Montrose's stud realised 42,355g. The highest price reached was 4,100g, given by Sir J. Miller for Roquebrun, a yearling by St. Simon from St. Marguerite; while at 3,100g the mare, Shall We Remember (by Clairvaux or Isonomy out of Sonnie Queen), was taken for Prince Louis Esterhazy. Hyeres, another brood mare from the same choice collection, went to Count Lehnendorff for 2,800g, and Captain Machell gave 2,000g for St. Marguerite.

— That base-ball is becoming a popular pastime about Newcastle-on-Tyne.

— That the second trial of the man Prendergast for the murder of Mr. Carter Harrison, the late Mayor of Chicago, was concluded July 8. The Jury, who had to try the question of the prisoner's sanity, pronounced him to be of sound mind, and he was sentenced to be executed on the 18th inst.

— That Sig. Perugini, the husband of Lillian Russell, is in this country.

— That Lillian Russell, the American operatic star, comes here shortly to sing in comic opera.

— That Dick Burge's illness is more serious than was anticipated, and the popular light-weight, will be unfit for boxing for at least three months to come.

— That Harry Nickless is brimful of courage when he offers to fight any man in the world at 10st.

— That Stanton Abbott is to box twenty rounds with James Carroll at the Auditorium Club in New Orleans, August 18, and the men are restricted to 9st 9lb each in weight.

— That Mr. Pierre Lorillard, the American turf patron, contemplates going into racing on an extensive scale in this country, because he has registered two sets of colours. M. Jacques Lebaudy has also registered his. They are violet, red cap.

— That Jack McMaisters, trainer to Princeton College, is in England on a holiday trip.

— That Chappie Moran, of Coventry, is training Jack Brierley for his twenty-round contest, which takes place at Sheffield, July 16, for 250 a-side.

— That a terrible tragedy was enacted at Richford, Vermont, U.S.A., July 1. A woman named Mrs. Baker, the mother of four children, quarrelled with her husband, and afterwards during his absence hanged each child from a bed-post, and two pet birds from a chandelier in the bedroom. When the husband returned he found them all dead, and the woman had disappeared. The police have instituted a search, but as yet without result.

— That as high as 60 to 1 was offered against Bullington when he ran second to Isinglass and ahead of Ladass.

— That the Yankees will display considerable disappointment over the defeat of the *Vigilant*.

— That John J. Ryan and Joseph Wright, the American rowmen, were easily beaten by Guy and Vivian Nickalls respectively.

— That Ryan was credited as being the best amateur sculler ever brought forward in America. What price the Nickalls brothers?

— That Guy Nickalls is good enough to defeat any professional sculler.

— That the *Valkyrie* was insured at Lloyd's for £12,000.

— That since the *Valkyrie* has sunk the *Britannia* will have to dispose of the *Vigilant* and uphold the English flag.

— That this is a great year of International events, and up to the present England is way ahead of America.

— That in reading *The Mirror* or *Life* you get all the inside news relating to boxing, and events on land and water.

— That we should now develop a good heavy-weight to whip Corbett and Jackson.

— That *The Mirror* or *Life* will be mailed to you post free for 13 weeks on receipt of 2s. 8d.

— That George Dixon would like to fight Billy Plimmer in this country in the autumn.

— That the National Sporting Club will arrange several international glove contests for next season.

— That on the receipt of one shilling we will send you, post free, the *Life* and *Battles* of James J. Corbett.

— That the Oxford team will just about beat the Yale Athletes next Monday.

— That the *Valkyrie*, which sunk in the Clyde, had a 1,200 feet area of sail.

— That the record of Tom Sayers in this issue will be appreciated by every true born Briton.

— That it will be many a day before England produces another like Tom Sayers.

COMMON GOSSIP.

JULIA NORTON, a girl, and a youth named Galloway, were drowned at Dumfries July 4, by the capsizing of a boat. Two other young persons who were in the boat were eventually rescued. The accident occurred while the occupants of the boat were changing places.

A RECEIVING order was made at the London Bankruptcy Court against W. D. T. Turnpenny, a betting agent of Lawrence Lane, who was recently sentenced to three years' penal servitude for administering noxious drugs to a girl. The assets include jewellery, furniture, and £1,000 in cash at a safe deposit.

In the case at Birmingham of a man who was charged with assaulting his wife, it was stated he had systematically ill-treated her, and that, through his brutality, she was almost a cripple for life. During their sixteen years of married life he had blacked her eyes a hundred times. He was sent to gaol for a month, and a separation order was granted.

MR. HENRY IRVING, President of the Actors' Association, has generously given the use of the Lyceum Theatre for a grand matinee performance by members of the association and their friends on Monday, July 23. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Ben Davies, and many other prominent members of the profession have already promised to assist.

A DISTRESSING story is reported from Michigan, where a farmer of the name of Westfall attacked his wife with a knife during a quarrel at the breakfast table. Mrs. Westfall was dangerously wounded about the face and neck. Her husband then drove his children out of the house at the point of the revolver and set fire to the place. He next cut his own throat and wrists and went to an old shed and hanged himself.

ANOTHER story of ruffianism in the United States. Will Roper, a witness in a number of Internal Revenue and White Cap cases, was taken from his home near Dalton, Georgia, a week ago by five masked men. He was whipped, shot, and thrown into an abandoned copper pit, 60ft deep. For a week the unfortunate fellow managed to live, chewing roots which he found at the bottom of the shaft, but when discovered he was nearly dead.

TWENTY-FIVE men took Martin Thayer, a young man, from the streets of Salem, Nebraska, to the Fair grounds on June 24, where they stripped him of his clothing and applied a liberal coat of tar and feathers, and warned him never to again make his appearance in this town. The day before the fellow had allowed his aged and invalid father to be taken to the poor-house, while he was known to have had nearly 100dols in his possession during the week.

THE people of Edward Street, Crosshill Glasgow, were on July 4 alarmed by cries of "Murder." The house whence the cries proceeded was entered, and it was found that John Dickman, commercial traveller, in the employment of Messrs. Cook and Co., colour printers, Leeds, had, in a fit of delirium tremens, cut his wife's throat, and then made a great gash in his own throat. The woman's throat was cut in five places. Both were removed to the Victoria Infirmary in a precarious condition.

At the Royal Aquarium, Miss Leonard has been performing for some weeks past the Monte Christo feat of leaping, tied up in a sack blindfolded, into the divers' tank from a platform 60ft from the floor. On July 4, as the lady was springing forward, her attendant caught his foot in the sack and caused her to fall flat upon the water. The shock so weakened her that she was unable to untie the sack, and she must inevitably have been drowned had not the attendants, amid much excitement, sprung into the tank and rescued her.

THE Birmingham coroner held an inquest upon Elizabeth Newcombe, 14. Her father came home drunk and had a few words with his wife, at whom he threw an earthenware jug. It struck his daughter and was smashed to pieces, the girl sustaining a severe fracture of the base of the skull. Accused was sobered by his act and picked the girl up tenderly, bathed her head, and carried her to the General Hospital, where she died the next morning. When arrested the man said it was all through his wife "nagging" him for money. The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against the accused, who was committed for trial.

A FRIGHTFUL accident took place at Edgware Road (Metropolitan) Station, July 4. A boy was standing on the platform as a Great Western Company's train from the City, arrived, and a handle of one of the carriages struck him and knocked him between the platform and the carriage. The train being still in motion finally wedged him in, and it was not until a por-

tion of the platform had been sawn away that he was extricated. He was then taken into the porter's room and attended by medical men. Afterwards he was conveyed to a hospital. The poor lad is not expected to recover.

A GHASTLY discovery was made on July 5, in a small house adjoining the National Schools in the Putney Bridge Road, Wandsworth. An old man named Parkin occupied the house, and not having been seen about since July 2, it was thought something was amiss. A ladder was accordingly obtained, and placed against the first floor window. Upon a neighbour ascending he saw the deceased hanging by a rope round his neck to the bed-post. The police were summoned, and a medical man was called, who gave it as his opinion that deceased had been dead two days. The body was then removed to the mortuary.

OUTGENERALLED THE OLD'UN.

How Two Maidens Prevented a Father from Winning against their Sweethearts.

(Subject of Illustration.)

DRAW poker is becoming quite a fad for some people to devote an evening in the drawing-room. A short distance out of London there are two young ladies of marriageable age who are receiving the attentions of a pair of clerks in a City business house. They are fearful lest they may permit the opportunity of a proposal to slip from their grasp, and their parent, being a devoted admirer of poker-playing, has managed of late to enlist the clerks into a quiet game evenings in the drawing room. They dared not refuse to play, knowing the ire of the parent, when aroused, knew no bounds. In order to bring the game to a hasty conclusion the other evening, the ladies posted themselves just outside of a screen door, and at that precise period when the parent held an ace-full, one of the maidens blew a lot of pepper through a tube close to where the old'un sat. He had just started to play his hand for what it was worth, when he was taken with a fit of sneezing. He let drop his five pieces of pasteboard, got up on his feet, and, holding on to the back of his chair, sneezed in such a vociferous manner that he was compelled to retire from the game. The daughters have had an understanding with him, and henceforth he will not inveigle their company into a card game.

A MOUSE DONE THE TRICK.

New Zealanders Drive Women from the Polls.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"The place for women is at home," so writes a New Zealand correspondent, "and the men in a certain town have come to that conclusion, too. They object to women voting same as a man because it is too close approach to their substituting trousers for petticoats. In order to drive away the petticoat element from the polls at a certain election, the men let drop a mouse upon the floor, and amid screeches the women ran out. Mice were at a premium all that day, and it is safe to say not a hundred female votes were cast."

INITIATING A TENDERFOOT.

Cowboys raise Mischief with a New York Dude.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"It don't do for an Eastern man to come here and put on airs," writes a correspondent from Cheyenne, Wyoming, U.S.A., "because the cowboys won't have it. They want everybody to have a free and easy air, and not to attempt to pose as being better than any whom he may come in contact with. If you will go into the saloon and join them in a drink, or elbow your way between them at the gambling table, you are judged a hale fellow well met; but decline to a glass for sociability's sake, or when you accidentally brush up against them just draw forth a pocket handkerchief and start to wipe imaginary dust from that portion which touched the cowboy, and you are at once deemed the meanest mortal ever created. Just such an example of a dude struck town recently, and the boys concluded they should initiate him to some of the ways of the Wild West. It was directly after a rain storm, and the streets were a mass of mud, when the boys captured the dude and soon hustled him into the middle of the road. His top hat disappeared, and whilst one amused himself rubbing mud in that, another mixed it into his hair and moustache, and the third destroyed the appearance of his patent boots. Inside of five minutes the eastern man, or tenderfoot as he is more commonly termed, was a most pitiable object to behold. The parking salute was to pelt him with balls of mud, and while he has not since been seen, I believe he is secretly lodged at one of the hotels close to the station. He will not venture into the heart of the town again if I'm a judge of human nature."

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

MRS. TATTLE: "Oh, doctor! I am so glad you have come, for I have been alarmed about myself for several days. I seem to be in such a high state of fever all the time."

Doctor: "Let me see your tongue, please, madam. Put it out as far as possible."

Mr. Tattle: "Take her out on the porch, doctor. There isn't room enough here."

MRS. GOTHAM: "Does your husband enjoy good health?"

Mrs. Hub: "He does, with zest. In fact, he is so much of an optimist that I think he would enjoy poor health if it should be his misfortune to have it."

"There goes a man who keeps his word."

"He does?"

"Yes, no one else will take it!"

JONES: "Forty pounds, sir, for that horse, and it cost me a hundred."

Smithson (suspiciously): "Isn't that an unusual reduction?"

Jones (frankly): "Yes, it is. But he ran away and killed my wife, and I have no further use for him."

CENSUS TAKER: "What is your husband's name?"

Mrs. Benoit: "John."

Census Taker: "I mean his full name."

Mrs. Benoit (savage): "There's no name for him when he's full, sir."

JENKINS: "When your sister's hair is down it must reach to her waist."

Johnny: "Huh! When she hangs it on the bedpost it reaches to the floor."

DAUGHTER: "What! Marry Mr. Monibags? I hate him; I despise him; I abhor him!"

Mrs. De Fashion: "Hush, child! You needn't tell him so until after you marry him."

OFFICE BOY: "Der's two fellers wants to see you. One of 'em's got a gas bill, an' de udder's got a 'riginal pome."

Editor: "Bring in the man with the gas bill."

"I NOTICE that the cashier's fast living has been checked to some extent."

"So have his books."

"WILT thou be mine, angelic girl?"

He asked in melting tones.

"I feel so warmly towards you, George, I wilt," said Miss Kajones.

"It is impossible!" she exclaimed. "I am foiled." And she threw the pen despairingly from her.

"What is the matter?" asked her mother.

"I was writing to Herbert, and tried to spell his college yell."

FARMER: "Now, what do you s'pose that man's yellin' at?"

Son: "He appears, father, to be yellin' at the top of his voice."

HE: "I have something to say to you—permit me to take you apart."

She: "Certainly—if you will put me together again."

HOAX: "Do you think the English tongue will ever become a dead language?"

Joax: "Well, judging from the way some people persist in murdering it it ought to be dead now."

ETHEL: "Oh, Tom, what a pity it is you are not rich! They say that some of those millionaires don't dare to leave the house for days at a time, because they receive threatening letters saying that something dreadful will happen to them if they don't pay the writer sums of money."

Tom Hardup: "Pooh! Why, I get plenty of just such letters."

Mrs. GOTHAM: "How do you like the city girls?"

Mr. Spodunk: "Oh, they're all right enough to look at, but I can't say I get along with them very well."

Mr. Gotham: "I always find them very jolly."

Mr. Spodunk: "Yaas, mebbe, but when I see 'em all standing around in low-necked dresses, I don't seem to have nerve to slap 'em on the back and joke with 'em, as I do with the girls up our way."

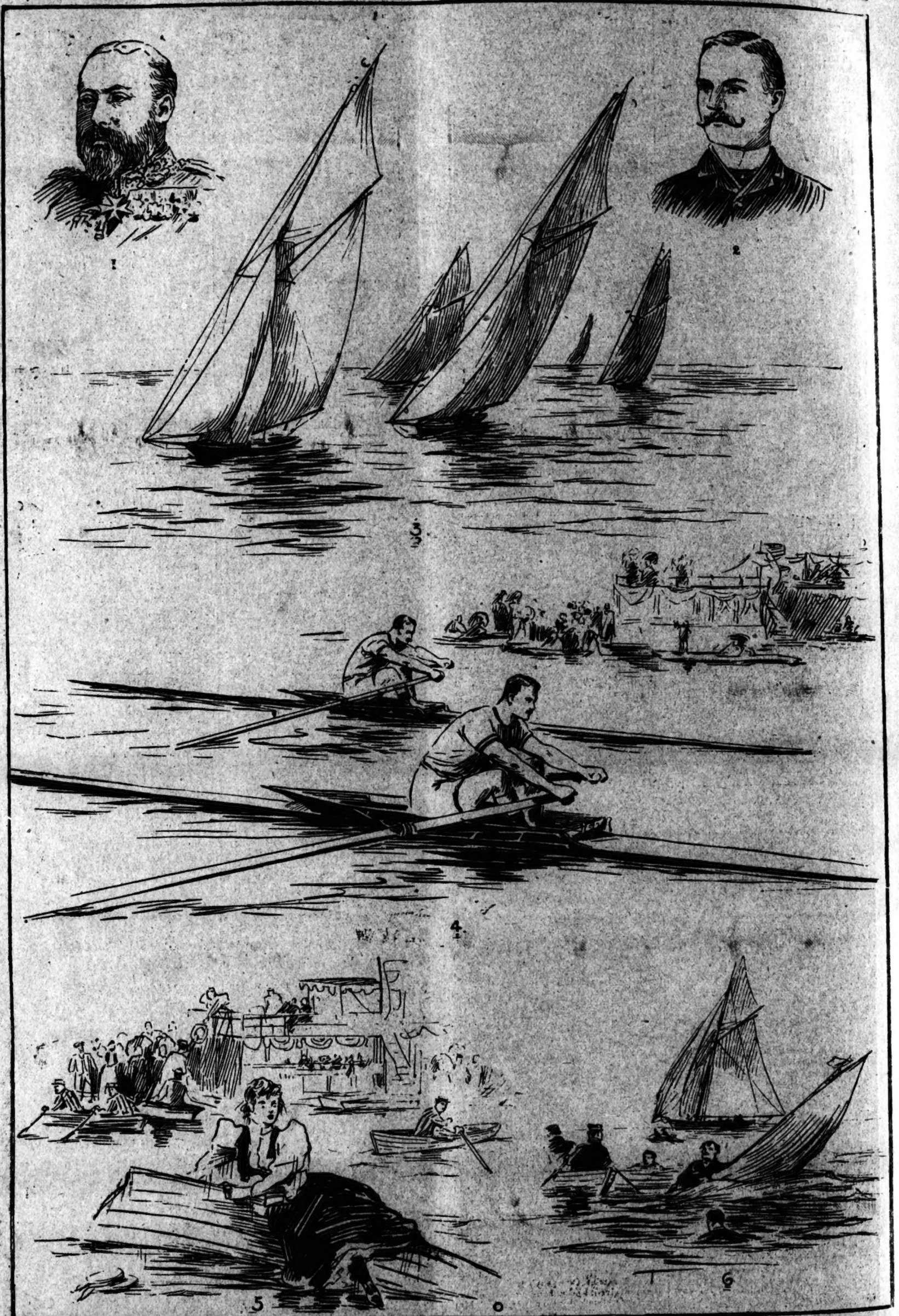
MAUDE: "You better be on the look-out for a proposal from Charley Doodley."

Ellen: "Why? Has he expressed his affection for me?"

Maude: "No, but he proposed to me last night and I refused him."

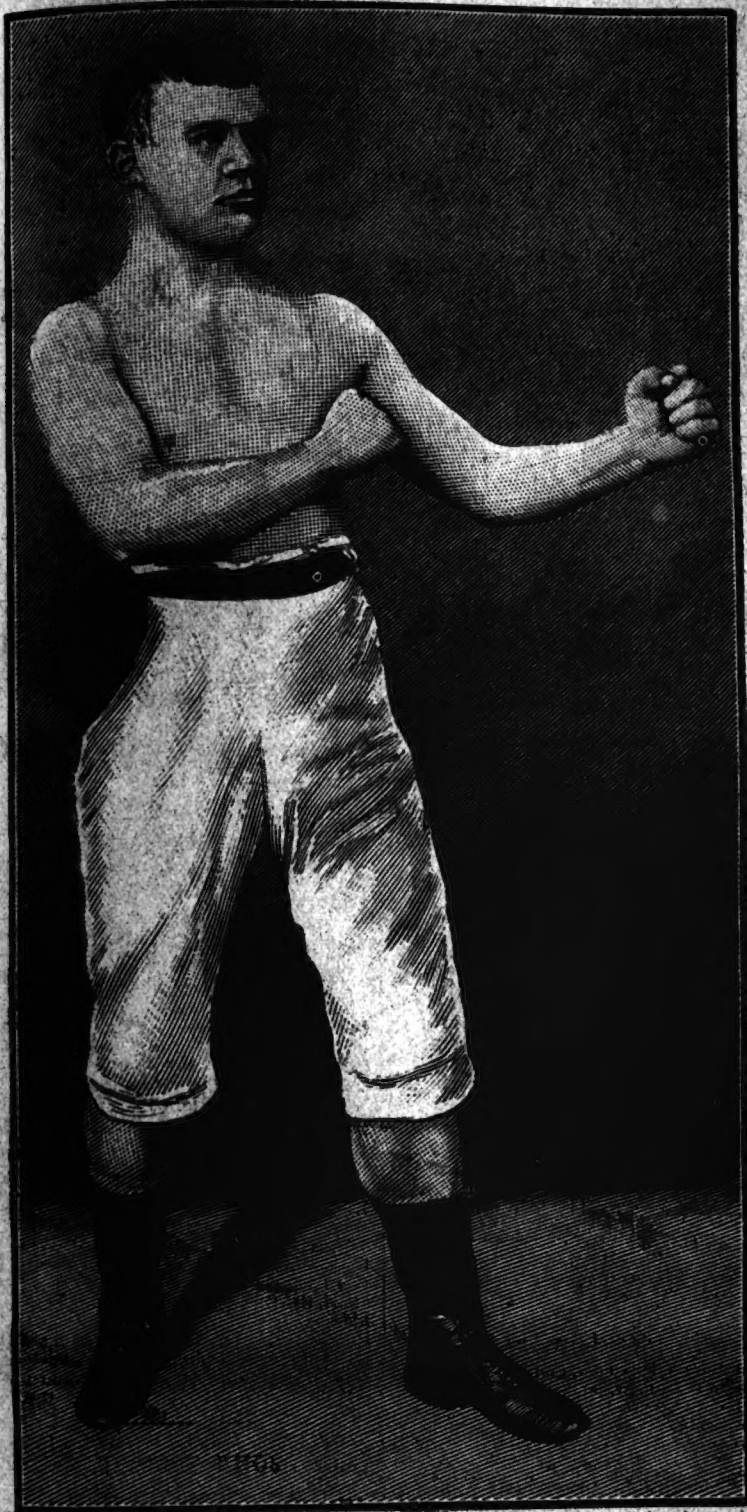
Mrs. KINGSLEY: "Wasn't your husband out very late last night?"

Mrs. Von-Blumer (sweetly): "Yes; but I felt sure he would be. He told me he was going to meet your husband."



THE CLYDE AND THE THAMES.

No. 1. H.R.H. The Prince of Wales. No. 2. Mr. George Gould. No. 3. The Britannia Overhauling the Vigilant. No. 4. Guy Nickalls Rows Ryan to a Standstill. No. 5. Capsized at Henley. No. 6. The Sinking of the Velkyrie and Rescue of the Crew.



BERT SMITH.

A Clever Sat 10lb Pugilist of Edmonton.



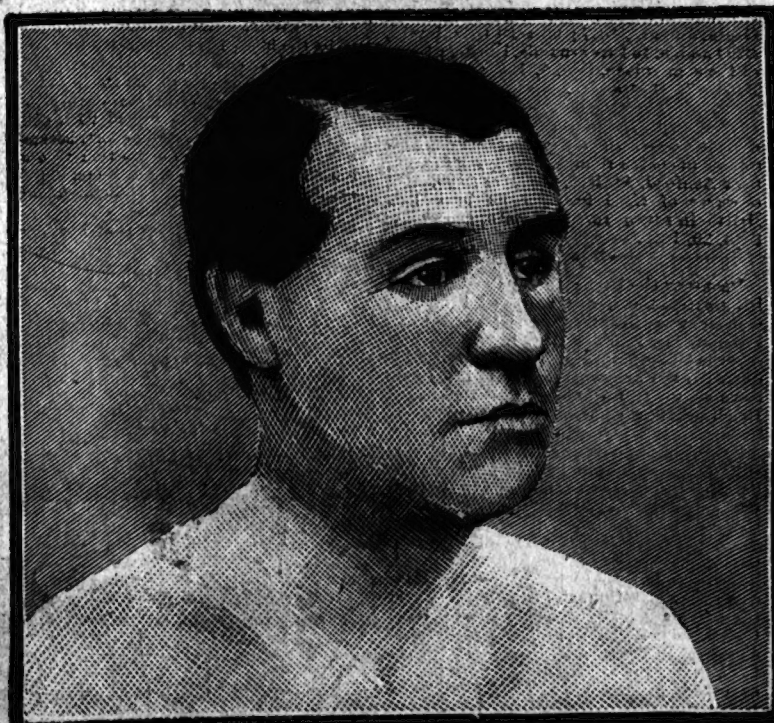
MISS BILLIE BARLOW.

A Clever and Popular Burlesque, Pantomime and Music-Hall Star.



JOHN BROUGH.

Amateur Champion Wrestler at Lancashire Style.



TOM SAYERS.

England's Greatest Ring Hero.

AROUND THE RING.

ENGLAND'S RING HERO.

A Fighter as was a Fighter.

(With Portrait of Sayers.)

It will be many years before any country will produce another like Tom Sayers. He was without a doubt the greatest bit of stuff that ever shied a "castor" in the Prize Ring. Some people labour under the impression that Jim Mace was his superior, but it is a mistaken idea. Tom Sayers was a fighting man from the top hair of his head to the sole of his feet, and such a word as fear never entered his mind. We should not care to cast a reflection upon Mace, and have no wish to deprive him of all the credit due the veteran, because he was a really first-class ring-fighter, and probably a better general never existed, but he never displayed the bull-dog tenacity so predominant in Tom. The bricklayer abhorred a man who boasted of his fighting ability, and furthermore had no use for the element continually seeking newspaper notoriety. Sayers was born of respectable parents at Steyning, Sussex, May 17, 1826. Stood barely 5ft 8in, and never scaled above 10st 12lb. He was twenty-three years of age when he entered the lists with Aby Crouch, for £5 a-side, at Greenhithe, March 19, 1849, and won with ease in 12min 28sec. Dan Collins, who was a waiter at Tom Spring's, the Castle, Holborn, and afterward proprietor of Bricklayer's Arms, Bermondsey, was the second man to challenge the redoubtable Tom, for £25 a-side, and they met at Edenbridge, where nine rounds were fought in 27min., when the police drove them off. They resumed hostilities at Red Hill, and after thirty-nine more rounds, in 1h 52min., darkness necessitated an adjournment. That was on Oct. 22, 1850, and on Dec. 10 following they were to fight in the same ring as Sambo and Cross, but darkness prevented. At Chapman's Marshes, Long Reach, April 29, 1851, he whipped Collins in 44 rounds, occupying 1h 24min, for £50.

Keen judges realised that Sayers was the toughest bit of fighting stock that had ever cropped up before their eyes, and they pitted him against Jack Grant for £100 a-side, at Mildenhall, June 29, 1852, when Grant was forced to cry enough after battling sixty-four rounds in 2 hrs 50min. Tom disposed of Jack Martin, for £100, in twenty-three rounds, lasting 55min, at Long Reach, January 26, 1853, and then took on Nat Langham. They met near Lakenheath, October 18, 1853. Sayers entered the ring quite "beefy" and out of condition, and Langham being fit, soon blinded Tom, and got the verdict after contesting sixty-one rounds, in 2h and 2min. Sayers wanted a second meeting, but Nat declined, and resigned the middle-weight championship. On a wager of £50 against £25 he scored an easy victory over George Sims in four rounds, lasting 5min, at Long Reach, February 28, 1854. He beat Harry Payson, for £100, in 100 rounds, lasting 8h 8min, at Appledore, January 26, 1856; fought Aaron Jones for £200, sixty-two rounds, in three hours, on the banks of the Medway, January 6, 1857, when darkness came on, both being badly punished. Beat Jones, £200, and a bet of £200 more, in eighty-five rounds, in 2h, by banks of Medway, Feb. 19, 1857. Sayers next took on Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher, for £400 and the Championship Belt, and he disposed of the Slasher in ten rounds, lasting 1h 42min, at the Isle of Grain, June 16, 1857; beat Bill Benjamin, £200 a-side, in three rounds, lasting 6min, at the same place, Jan. 5, 1858; beat Tom Paddock, £150 a-side, twenty-one rounds, 1h 20min, Canary Islands, June 16, 1858. Bill Benjamin came back for a second dose, when Sayers came off conqueror in eleven rounds, occupying 22min., near Ashford, April 5, 1859, for £400. On a wager of £400 to £200 he beat Bob Brittle in seven rounds, 15min, at Sussex, Sept. 20, 1859.

PROBABLY the battle that gained for him his greatest fame, and stamped him as a wonder was his meeting with John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, for £200 a-side and the Championship Belt. The mill occurred at Farnsworth, April 17, 1860. Sayers took up training quarters at Brighton, but afterwards went to Newmarket, being looked after by Bob Fuller. As the day of fighting approached it was with difficulty that he left the place for the battle-ground. He was smuggled to London in a horse van belonging to Mr. S. Rogers, the Duke of Bedford's head jockey, and taken by post horses some distance on the road, where, in a suitable disguise, he was able to make his appearance at a railway station, and thus get safely to the metropolis. Heenan was to have trained at Salisbury, but was hunted about from there to Bathampton, thence to Penlake, near Bradford, and finally completed his training at Trent Lock, near Nottingham, where Bendigo, Dick Hall, and others had trained. He was five inches taller than Sayers, eight years younger, and about 22lb heavier, making it a decidedly uphill match for our hero.

The fight was a gallant one, and probably the greatest championship contest ever witnessed; each displayed manliness worthy of the highest commendation. The gluttony and bottom exhibited by Tom was proverbial, and he convinced the spectators that a gamer and more determined fighter never pulled a shirt off. He had his right arm injured early in the battle, but struggled on up to round 37th, when the police put in an appearance, and the affair terminated in a general scramble. The time occupied up to the men's leaving the ring was 2h 20min. Heenan had not been out of the ring many minutes before he was totally blind.

SUCH was the career of Tom Sayers, and how a man of his calibre at the present time would be appreciated! When they palm off on us such champions as Corbett it must make Tom's bones fairly rattle in their coffin. Were he with us to-day Corbett would be hounded from one end of the kingdom to the other, but he would have to do battle before the public would tolerate his aspirations to championship honours. When he gets back to the States Peter Jackson and Bob Fitzsimmons will be prepared to give him an interesting argument, and while he may put Jackson off, he can't get away from Fitz, because to use the expression of Bob, "He's got to fight; he may escape me for some time, but he is like the fellow who went up in a balloon and the balloon burst. He had to drop, and though he was a long time coming, he struck bottom good and hard when he did get there. And so with Corbett, he may fight to keep from fighting, but he must bow to the inevitable before long. It took him twenty-seven rounds to polish off Joe Choynski, and I flopped the Jew all over the ring, and was prevented from finishing him in five rounds. In the fourth round I won the contest because Joe was floundering about on the floor for 22 seconds, after one knock down, before he could get on his pins again."

It is only a matter of conjecture how the Corbett-Jackson-Fitzsimmons argument will terminate. At present there appears to be a dead-lock in the proceedings, but some tangible move will have to be made when Corbett returns to the States. "Gentleman Jack" is not desirous of enduring the hardships of a course of training, particularly on the eve of his theatrical season abroad, and it is altogether probable that had Choynski defeated or even held his own with Fitzsimmons in their recent contest, Corbett could easily have passed through the year of 1894 without being forced to enter the ring. He could have maintained his stand against Jackson, not to engage in a battle north of the Mason-Dixon line, and ignoring the National Sporting Club's offer, he would have been reasonably sure that the black man would have been held in abeyance. Last winter he openly declared that he would prefer to fight Jackson in England even if the purse was not so large as one offered abroad, but on coming here and being confronted with a guaranteed £3,000 to the winner he shifted his tactics, and at once announced he would only defend his title in the country where he had won it. Such backing and filling has become nauseating to the British public, consequently he has not been either lionised or patronised in good old England.

Now that a 25,000 dollar purse is offered for him and Fitzsimmons he will be forced to consent to a battle in the autumn either with Jackson or Fitzsimmons, and if it be the black man whom he consents to take on first he will certainly be forced to meet Peter this side of the Atlantic. The showing the middle-weight champion recently made has been hailed with delight by all patrons of sparring sport, because it has placed Corbett in a position where he must fight. That is what the public want—a fighter to fight, and an actor to act.

It does appear strange that big 'uns, of late years, have found it so difficult to bring a battle to a satisfactory termination, and much of the trouble has been due to the manner in which they have alandered one another in newspapers.



It is War to the Bitter End.

When the match is pending, and when the pugilists enter the ring, it is odds on that they will decline to shake hands, so bitter is the professed hatred and contempt they bear for each other; but the moment the pair realise the purse money is safe they alter their course so sudden that those who are present become too indignant to expostulate. They are not slow in acknowledging they have been sold, and after the match is over they talk it up so their friends will not think they have been the victims of a hollow farce.

The public appreciate being taken in, but under no circumstance are they free to admit the fact to others who are fortunate enough to escape being victimised. Talking about the public accepting a take-down with good grace reminds us of an incident at a country fair not many years ago. The "barker" in front of a small tent was crying out that the greatest curiosity of the age was on exhibition inside, and comprised a horse whose head was where his tail should be. Flocks of people doled out their pennies for the privilege of entering, and what stared them in the face was a horse whose head was close to the cross beam of the shafts of a broken down wagon. It was such a rank take down the people admired the "barker's" courage and, to a man, on leaving the tent would exclaim audibly, "Well, blime me, if that ain't the greatest I ever saw." The curiosity of others was naturally aroused, and trade continued brisk, and so it is with those who attend a well advertised boxing bout, they never tire of telling what desperate blows were exchanged. Read the papers and they advise you of the fact that the men who entered the ring with a murderous intent are seen an hour after the purse is paid over without as much as a black eye, and in the public bar you will notice them together.



Kicking and Dividing Up.

Match up little men, and you are pretty sure to see a fight, and no faked-up affair with a six months' newspaper controversy, in which the men delight in maligning the characters of each other.

The six-round contest between Jim Hall and Steve O'Donnell, scheduled to occur in Chicago, has fallen through, after the men had been in training for some time. They could not agree on the division of the receipts. Hall demanded 75 per cent, for the winner, while O'Donnell wanted half and half whichever way the result went.

BILL DOLAN, of Drury Lane, promoted a boxing entertainment at the Lambeth School of Arms, July 3, when two interesting battles were brought to a decision. Bill Springall and Mike Horan were competitors in the six rounds contest. During the six rounds fought neither displayed any apparent advantage, though both had indulged in very spirited work. An additional round was ordered, and the referee then found a winner in Springall.

Frank Gregg and Jack Roberts, two sloggers from Drury Lane, donned the mits for eight rounds. In round three Gregg was knocked down twice, and the seconds invaded the ring. They went at each other, bent on mischief, up to the eighth round, when Roberts gradually lost ground, and was floored. He arose, and in heavy exchanges which followed Gregg showed a slight advantage, and secured the award.

STANTON ABBOTT and Billy Myers engaged in a fifteen-round glove contest at a theatre in Boston, U.S.A., July 4, for the gate receipts. Abbott fought on the defensive from the start, compelling Myers to do all the work. This placed the Streater Cyclone at a decided disadvantage, so that he was frequently caught napping, and in the fifteenth round, when he was pretty well blown, Abbott assumed the aggressive and easily displayed an advantage, though not sufficient to warrant his securing the verdict. The referee, however, thought differently, and rendered a decision in favour of Abbott, for which he was greeted with howls of derision.

JOE WILCOCK, the coloured, 16st, pugilist who defeated Tom Tracey, the Australian,

is gradually working his way to the front ranks of his division. In a contest at Boston with Mike Harris recently he did pretty much as he pleased with his adversary, and finally brought matters to a crisis by knocking Harris out of time in the sixth round.

Dixon v. Plimmer.



George Dixon.

The coloured champion pugilist appears to have gained confidence in his ability to "mill" since he stood off young Griffo, the Australian, in a twenty round contest at Boston, and is now desirous of taking on Billy Plimmer. He agrees to come to this country and fight providing the National Sporting Club will guarantee a purse of £1,000, but he fails to state what he would bind himself down to weigh upon entering the ring. Plimmer is at his best when at 8st, but could do battle at 7st 12lb. Dixon scaled 8st 13lb when he took on Griffo, and it is doubtful if he could very easily reduce himself below 8st 6lb and be fit to make a decent showing. Though the lads are both about 25 years of age, Plimmer is certainly the best preserved of the pair, because Dixon has been run against anything and everything that happened along when touring the States, and many of the novices he met kept the black pretty busy for the four rounds he faced them. It is only a year or so ago that Dixon's "mawleys" were in very bad condition, and though they may be apparently well it is hardly possible they can possess the same strength they did when he took on Nunc Wallace.

That clever and popular ex-champion 9st pugilist Bill Reader, is doing a lucrative business at his "pub," the Queen's Head, St. Stephen's Road, Old Ford, and his establishment is the rendezvous of all the sporting men and boxers of that district. Bill conducts his place in a business fashion, and is sure to make a grand success of his venture.

JOHN HIGGINS.

The Champion Jumper, who Beat Macdonald at Bury.

(With Portrait.)

JOHN HIGGINS sustained his record at the Wellington Grounds, Bury, July 2. They had signed articles to contest stand hop, two strides, and jump, with weights, for a bet of £50 a-side. The contest partook of an international character, as Macdonald is an American Scotchman, whilst Higgins hails from Lancashire. Higgins had previously defeated Joe Darby, at Fallaworth, at the same jump, covering 46ft 8in on that occasion. There was a considerable amount of wagering before the start took place, Higgins being favourite at 7 to 4 on. Higgins had the first turn, and covered 48ft 6in. Macdonald's first effort was 2ft short, and after a rest he essayed his big task again, but could not get nearer than 18in of his opponent's mark. The crowd now broke in and gave Macdonald a lengthy rest. Going on a third time he got within 6in of Higgins' distance, and suffered defeat very narrowly. Higgins broke the record for the jump. He is 5ft 8in, weighs 9st 6lb, and was twenty-two years of age last May; his foot measures 9in. They jumped heel to heel. Macdonald is a fine jumper, but takes off badly, being 14in short of Higgins mark with the first rise. It may be said that the Scotchman had great cause for the faith they had in Macdonald, as he has a stylish flight, and his jump could only be beaten by such a wonder as Higgins undoubtedly is. For his size, the winner shows up in the light of a marvel, and he came in for warm recognition.

"Must I run these two scandals under one head?" asked the foreman.
"No, indeed," replied the thoughtful editor. "Run one on the sporting page, and the other on the woman's page. Then the two heads of the family can divide the paper and keep peace between them."

HONEST SPORTS.



John S. Johnson

has rode a mile on a bicycle in faster time than has ever been accomplished. At Waltham, Mass., U.S.A., June 26, he covered the distance in 1min and 56secs, with a flying start, thus breaking his own world's public record by 7.3-5secs, and Widdle's private record by four-fifths of a second. Not only that, but it was evident that he could have gone even faster under more favourable conditions. An east wind blew with some force across the first turn, and pacemakers were slow at times, he turning out on the last turn and forcing ahead of them, despite their hardest efforts.

John S. Johnson lives at Minneapolis. He was first brought before the public as a fast bicycle racer two years ago by Thomas Eck, Johnson made his debut in the West, and as a novice showed a wonderful burst of speed. He has trained very steadily for the past two years, and is now rated as one of the fastest men on the path.

Last season he rode a mile against time on the kite-shaped track at Terre Haute in 1min 55.3-5secs, paced by horses. Some of his notable performances of last season were: 100 yards, flying start, 5.2-5secs; 100 yards, standing start, 9.1-5secs; eighth of a mile, standing start, 17.1-5secs; eighth of a mile, flying start, 12.2-5secs; third of a mile, standing start, 39.3-5secs; half a mile, standing start, 59.2-5secs. All of these times are records.

Johnson is quite a youthful-looking rider. He is twenty-three years old. This season he has been riding at all the big meetings and met with a great success.

Johnson now holds the world's record for a mile, the five-mile championship, the three-mile competition record of 7min 15.3-4secs, and the two-mile indoor record of 2min 26secs. Last October he rode two-thirds of a mile with a flying start on the Waltham track in 1min 24.2-5secs, and one mile with a flying start in 2min 7secs.

Or the fifteen members who competed for the Royal Blackheath Club's monthly medal all but three made returns. Mr. F. S. Ireland won from scratch with 112, the next in order being as follows: Mr. C. B. Lindsay, 131, less 18-113; Mr. G. H. Freeman, 143, less 30-113; Mr. R. Winch, 131, less 16-115; Mr. W. A. Adams, 137, less 21-116; and Mr. F. J. Lawrence, 141, less 25-116. The greens were very fiery.

The teams of athletes to represent Oxford and Yale in the International Collegiate Sports are in steady training, and getting in the best condition possible. The men to represent each University at the Queen's Club Ground, July 16, and the events they are to contend in, are as follows:—

100 YARDS.—Oxford: G. Jordan and C. B. Fry; Yale: G. F. Sandford, A. Pond, or Sheldon.

440 YARDS.—Oxford: Jordan and Sykes; Yale: Sandford and Pond.

HAIR-MILE.—Oxford: Greenhow, Rathbone, or Hallows; Yale: Pond and Woodhull.

MILE.—Oxford: Greenhow and Hildyard; Yale: Morgan and Woodhull.

120 YARDS HURDLES.—Oxford: Oakley and Scott; Yale: Cady and Hatch.

HIGH JUMP.—Oxford: Swanwick, Gairdner or Fry; Yale: Cady and Sheldon.

LONG JUMP.—Oxford: Fry and Oakley; Yale: Hatch and Sheldon.

PUTTING THE WEIGHT.—Oxford: Melling and Meggy; Yale: Hickock and Brown.

THROWING THE HAMMER.—Oxford: Robertson; Yale: Hickock and Brown.

The Henley Regatta was brought to a close July 6, the weather, during the three days, being extremely favourable. The results are as follows:—

Grand Challenge Cup.—Final heat: Leander Rowing Club beat Thames Rowing Club.

Silver Goblets.—Final heat: Vivian Nickalls (bow), 12st 6lb, and Guy Nickalls (stroke), 12st 3lb (steers), Formosa B.C., beat J. Crisp (bow), 11st 8lb (steers), and G. Smith (stroke), 11st 4lb, Kingston R.C.

Thames Challenge Cup.—Final heat: Trinity College (Oxford) B.C. beat London Rowing Club.

Wyfold Challenge Cup.—Final heat: Thames Rowing Club beat Balliol College Boat Club.

The Stewards' Challenge Cup.—Final heat: Thames Rowing Club beat New College (Oxford) Boat Club.

Diamond Sculls.—Final heat: Guy Nickalls (Magdalen College B.C.) beat Vivian Nickalls (Magdalen College B.C.).

Ladies' Challenge Plate.—Final heat: Eton College beat Trinity College (Oxford).

Visitors' Plate (Fours).—Final heat: New College (Oxford) rowed over in the absence of Balliol College (Oxford) one of the crew of the latter being ill.

For the Diamond Sculls on the opening day Jacques Boudin, the Frenchman, was too unwell to start, and for the Silver Goblets on the second day the Toronto oarsmen, J. Ryan and J. Wright, failed to put in an appearance. Worcester College, Oxford, scratched for the Visitors' race. Owing to an accident to the Leander crew, on Thursday, there were two races for the third heat of the Wyfold Challenge Cup, Thames easily winning in the end.

The annual championship meeting of the Amateur Athletic Association was held at Huddersfield, July 7. The various events resulted as follows:—

Hundred Yards Race.—C. A. Bradley (Huddersfield C. and A.C., holder), 1; Max Wittenberg (Salford H.), 2; C. R. Thomas (Reading A.C.), 3. Won by three yards; a yard and a half between second and third. Time, 10.1-5secs.

One Mile Race.—F. E. Bacon (Ashton Harriers, holder), 1; W. J. Fowler (Finchley H.), 2; W. E. Lutyens (Camb. University A.C.), 3. Two hundred yards from home Bacon drew out, and won by 20yds, a dozen between second and third. Time, 4min 24.4-5secs.

Half-Mile Race.—C. Bredin (London A.C., holder), 1; F. S. Horan (Cambridge University A.C.), 2; A. Millett (Finchley H.), 3. E. Drinkwater (Salford H.) 6. After going 500 yards Bredin took second place and catching Horan 50 yards from the finish won by ten yards. Time 1min 56.4-5secs.

Long Jump.—T. M. Donovan (Queen's College, Cork, holder), 20ft 5in, 1; A. R. Badger (London), 20ft 4in, 2; D. C. Green (London A.C.), 19ft 8in, 3; R. Williams (London A.C.), 18ft 11in, 0; J. Tiley (Leeds A.C.), 18ft 5in, 0; B. L. Goodman (Birmingham A.C.), 17ft 10in, 0.

Pole Jump.—R. D. Dickinson (Widmore, holder), 1; E. Wilson (Glusburn), 2. Both cleared 8ft 6in, and then Dickinson won at 9ft, but afterwards cleared over 11ft in an exhibition jump.

Quarter-mile Race.—E. C. Bredin, London A.C., holder, 1; A. Ovenden (London A.C.), 2; H. B. Johnson (Manchester A.C.), 3; H. H. Edmondson (Polytechnic H.), 0. Won by ten yards; four between second and third. Time, 50secs. All beat the standard time of 52secs.

Putting the Weight.—Denis Horgan (Banteer, county Cork), holder, 42ft 4in, 1; J. D. McIntosh (Edinburgh H.), 40ft 5in, 2; W. J. M. Barry (Southport), 39ft 9in, 3; Nelson Robbie (Salford H.), A. Pryde (Bradford Police A.C.), and D. Backley (Manchester) also competed, but none reached the standard of 37ft.

120 Yards Hurdle Race.—G. B. Shaw (London A.C., holder), 1; P. R. Lowe (United Hospitals A.C.), 2; T. M. Donovan (Queen's College, Cork), 3. Shaw led all the way, and won by three yards. Time, 16.3-5secs.

High Jump.—R. Williams (London A.C., 5ft 9in), 1; E. D. Sanwick (Oxford University, 5ft 8in), 2.

Four Miles Walking Race.—H. Curtis (Highgate H., holder), 1; D. Fenton (Essex Beagles), 2; W. J. Sturgess (Polytechnic H.), 3; H. Cheverton (Essex Beagles), 4; Herbert Clark (Handgate H.), 5; J. S. Howard (Essex Beagles), 0; J. Womersley (Stainland), 0; and J. W. Bancroft (Bolton H.), 0. Won by 50 yards. Time, 30min 54.4-5secs.

Throwing the Hammer.—W. J. M. Barry (Southport), 126ft 8in, 1; Nelson Robbie (Salford H.), 118ft 8in, 2; Denis Carey (Dublin Police A.C., holder), 105ft 8in, 3; S. Chisholm (Stockport), 99ft 11in, 0; D. Backley (Manchester), 95ft 1in, 0.

Two Miles Steeplechase.—A. B. George (Liverpool), 1; G. Martin (Essex Beagles, holder), 2. Won by 160yds. Time, 11min 21secs.

Four Miles Race.—F. E. Bacon (Ashton H.), 1; G. Crossland (Salford H.), 2; Sid Thomas (Barnsley H.), 3. Also ran: H. Watkins (Walthamstow H.), F. S. Horan (Cambridge University), H. A. Munro (Guys Hospital). A few yards from the post Bacon shot out and won by a yard; 100yds separated second and third. Time, 19min 48.4-5secs.

A. A. ZIMMERMAN, the champion cyclist, made his first public appearance on the track since his arrival in Paris at the Velodrome Buffalo, July 8. He was matched to meet Edwards, the English cyclist, for 2,500 francs a-side. There was great interest in the event, and the weather being magnificent the Velodrome was filled with spectators, who loudly cheered both competitors when they made their appearance on the track. In the first

race, which was over a distance of one kilometre, Edwards at once went to the front, the American champion, however, following closely on his back wheel. At the third lap Zimmerman sprinted and won by several lengths. The result was loudly cheered. The last lap, one-third of a kilometre, was covered by the winner in 23.2-5secs, being the fastest time on record for that distance. The second race, over a distance of two kilometres, was also won by Zimmerman, who came in a little over one length ahead of Edwards, and thus secured the stakes of 5,000 francs. A third race on the general programme was won by Wheeler, another American cyclist.

LADY DIANA'S REVELATIONS.

THE Alexander divorce suit in Edinburgh has produced some pretty scandalous evidence from both sides. On July 6 Lady Alexander, in giving evidence in defence, admitted that Allison kissed her while they were on a visit at the Limes, Whitburn, and stated that her husband, who saw it, afterwards told her that he did not love her, and suggested that she might allow him to bring in a lady if he wished, while she could "amuse herself" in any way she liked.

Lady Alexander added that her husband made her swear on oath after him that she would not tell anyone of the arrangement between them. She afterwards spoke of what occurred at Logan House, and admitted that Allison was found by her husband in her bed. She recollected being at a ball in Sunderland on January 11, when she danced four or five times with Allison. She also attended a ball at Newcastle on January 19. Mr. Alexander said she could dance with anyone she liked. She got a ring from Allison. She did not tell her husband from whom she got it, but she wore it, and he must have seen it.

In further evidence Lady Diana explained that it was at her husband's suggestion that they occupied different rooms, not stating that the habit of two persons sleeping together was a disgusting one. He was a sound sleeper, but talked in his sleep. He was hasty tempered, had repeatedly sworn at her, and once he lifted his stick at her when they quarrelled. He paid great attention to Miss Holden. He said he would put Allison in witness's dressing-room, and that when he put a man there she would have to amuse him. He also said something else which she wrote down for the judge to read. She remembered Mr. Alexander coming into her room partially dressed while Mr. Allison was present. He did not come far into the room, he said.

"OH, I BEG PARDON," and retired. She had not begun to dress when Mr. Allison came into her room, and no impropriety took place. Her husband did not pull any clothes off the bed; he did not come near it. Her husband refused to allow her to go to balls in Glasgow, because, he said, the men living in Glasgow were cad. She denied that any impropriety had taken place between Allison and herself at Dumfries, Carlisle, or anywhere since she came to Scotland.

Cross-examined by Mr. Comrie Thomson, witness said the arrangement for the occupation of separate rooms was not made after consultation. She did not before the birth of her first child express a desire to sleep alone. Since 1891 she had been living in fear of her husband, who would swear at her if she crossed him in any way. She did not see her husband when Allison caressed her in the billiard-room at the Limes. That was the first occasion on which Allison had made any approach to familiarity. There had never before that night been anything of the nature of the proposal made to her by her husband. Counsel: Did it not shock you?

Witness: Yes; I was very much surprised at him saying that.

In what you wrote you say he said, "The bigger dirt you are the more I shall respect you." Did he say that?

Yes he did.

Did it occur to you to call him a vile cur, and to

TURN HIM OUT OF YOUR ROOM?

No. It might have done more harm. Then you made no objection to the proposal?

Oh, yes. I said I could not agree to it. You say he said, "I will send Allison up early to bed, then you speak to him and he will come into you?"

Oh, yes; and I did.

Did not that fill you with horror and amazement?

Yes; but it was proposed to me. How often did Allison come to your bed?

He came on the Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Sunday was the last of the four nights that he slept with me.

Did you mention to your husband on the occasions Allison was visiting you?

I made a little sign to him like this (tossing her head).

Counsel: As much as to say, "He's coming!"

Witness: Yes. (Laughter.)

Harold K. Allison, the co-defender, said he was 24 years of age, and resided at Parkend, Lockerbie. His father was in the brewing business in Newcastle, and he

for some time was in that line, but had had no occupation since. He met the defender at The Limes in January last, and took a fancy to her. He acknowledged impropriety with Lady Diana. They did not lock the door of the room because she told him of the arrangement that Mr. Alexander had made that he was to go into her room whenever he wished to. No impropriety had ever taken place between them since they were at Logan. When he was seen with Lady Diana lying in the wood he would very likely be reading. He very often sat down to read when he was out. There was nothing improper.

Cross-examined: He did not meet Lady Diana or her husband until Jan. 5.

And on the 10th you kissed Lady Diana?—I did.

What led up to the kissing?—I really cannot remember what led up to it.

Had you professed any affection for her?—Not that I remember.

Did you treat her throughout as a harlot?—No; I did not.

How did you treat her?—I treated her as a lady. (Laughter.)

JAMES C. READ CAPTURED.



JAMES CAHAM READ, the dock clerk, charged with the murder of Florrie Dennis, at Southend, was captured July 7, near the Westminster Aquarium, and taken to the police-station in King Street, Westminster. He had effected a marked change in his appearance by shaving off his moustache and changing his clothes. When he disappeared he was wearing a black coat and vest and a brown, hard felt hat. Saturday he was in a light tweed suit, and wore a white straw hat. His appearance was very dejected, and he trembled violently on being taken into the station and formally identified by Sergeant Marden, who has been in London on duty nearly the whole time which has elapsed since the murder. Read was only kept in King Street station for a few minutes. He was then taken to the central office of the Metropolitan police, New Scotland Yard, and from there, in custody of Sergeant Marden and Detective-inspector Baker, to Fenchurch Street. It was about four o'clock when Read was in King Street, and the railway station was reached in time to catch the eight minutes past six train for Southend.

MARNEY KING.

Champion Amateur 120-yard Runner of the Midlands.

(With Portrait.)

MARNEY KING, of Leicester, was born in London twenty seven years ago, and took to running in 1891. In his first essay he scored a victory. Since then he has won fully £100 worth of prizes for races ranging from 100 to 120 yards. Last year he won five out of seven handicaps in which he started. Mr. Marney is a sound, 10½ second man, and would have scored many more wins had he been fairly handicapped. He is open to run any amateur in the Midlands at 100 or 120 yards for a suitable trophy.

APPEARANCES WERE DECEPTIVE.

How a Manchester Tough was Taken Down by a Swell.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IN Manchester there are several winks; hops where the sporting element congregates nightly to discuss events of the past and those in contemplation. During an argument the other evening in a well-known resort a rough who makes pretensions to being something of a pugilist declared he could thrash any man present, and appeared to direct his conversation to one swell in particular. The swell signified a willingness to dispute the rough's claims, and it soon culminated in a bout with the gloves, in which the swell punished the ruffian, and finally brought matters to a conclusion by knocking him out of time.

Mrs. PADDINGTON (at the bedside of her dying husband): "Dear, is there any one you wish me to marry after your death?"

Mr. Paddington: "Oh, marry the devil."

Mrs. Paddington: "No, thank you. One in the family is quite sufficient."



INITIATING A TENDERFOOT.
Cowboys Raise Mischief with a New York Dude.



A MOUSE DONE THE TRICK.
New Zealanders Drive Women from the Polls.



SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE.

A Scottish Husband's Discovery after Hearing Voices in the Night.



A "JOHNNIE" APOLOGISES.

A Clerk Champions the Cause of a Young Lady who Objected to Flirting



A DARING HORSE THIEF.

An Eighteen-Year-Old Girl who Steals Horses and Breaks Gaol.

AN AMERICAN SWINDLER REMANDED.

At the Marlborough Street Police Court, July 3, Charles Bertrand, 39, alias St. Elmer Donaldson, an American, described as having no occupation, and as residing in Trinity Street, Borough, was charged, on remand, before Mr. Hannay, with having obtained £3 by false pretences with intent to cheat and defraud Mr. Frank Willett, the proprietor of the Rose and Crown, Charing Cross Road.

Mr. Bernard Abrahams, solicitor, defended.

The evidence previously given showed that on the 14th May last the prisoner asked Mr. Willett, who knew Bertrand for a short time as a customer, to cash a cheque for him for £3. The accused produced a paying-in book and a cheque-book, and he wrote the cheque in question in the presence of Mr. Willett. The prisoner was handed the cash for it, and when the cheque was presented for payment it was returned, Mr. Willett being informed that the accused had no account with the bank on which it had been drawn.

Mr. William Ryan, the supervisor of the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company, said that company had no account in the name of St. Elmer Donaldson. Before the concern was turned into a company it used to transact banking business, but it had now ceased to transact business of that nature. The cheque-book produced was issued to the prisoner in the name of "Dale," who hired a guinea safe. He said that on the following day he would deposit with the company £1,200, and owing to that statement, and to the fact that the references he gave were satisfactory, he was allowed to have the cheque-book. The company never received the £1,200 deposit from the accused, who had not even paid the guinea for the safe he had hired.

Detective-sergeant Kane, of the D division, said that on the 23rd ult. he met the prisoner in Newington-causeway, and said to him, "Captain St. John, I am going to arrest you," and the accused replied, "What for, Kane?" The witness answered, "For obtaining money by a worthless cheque from Mr. Willett, the landlord of the Rose and Crown, Charing Cross Road. You will have to go with me to the Vine Street Police Station." They then got into a cab, and on the way to the station he asked to be allowed to see Mr. Willett. The witness told him he could not permit him to do so, as there were other charges against him. Bertrand exclaimed, "What are they?" He (the officer) said, "Of defrauding Mr. Page-Green, of Bams-gate, and a gentleman at Worcester, from whom you pretended to buy racehorses." The accused said, "How do you know that?" and the witness told him that these persons had been to London and complained of his having swindled them. The accused answered, "All right, you don't know all, and took some papers out of his pocket, one of which was an American bond relating to a land company, which he remarked was not worth a penny. On searching the lodgings in Trinity Street the cheque-book produced was found."

Detective-sergeant Shaddock, C division, deposed to knowing the accused by the name of Griffiths.

Mark Benjamin, a tailor, of Edgware Road, said that on May 29 the prisoner came to his house and gave him the cheque produced for £10 10s., in payment of clothes that he had previously ordered. The clothes were handed to him, and when the cheque was presented for payment it was dishonoured. Previous to May 29 the accused, whom he knew under the name of "Phillips," had ordered four suits of clothes and had paid cash for them. He had altogether received about £17 from the prisoner, and at the present moment had orders on hand from him amounting to about £17.

Mr. Hannay committed the accused for trial.

Bertrand is merely an assumed name, and those who have known him for years claim that his proper name is William Griffiths. He has operated in all parts of the United States and in Australia. Police Inspector Byrnes, of New York, holds a warrant for his arrest and was about to serve it in New York a short time ago, but the "oily" customer got an inkling that the police were on his trail, and made good his escape to this country. In America he has been known as Colonel Percy, Lord Ashburton, C. W. Dale, and St. Elmer.

Speaking of his former visit to London, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, on December 1, 1893, says: "A confidence man, as the term is understood in the United States, where it had its origin, is a person in whom it is unsafe, as well as expensive, to place any confidence. The average 'confidence' man will rob you of your last shilling, if he can do so, but not by knocking you down and taking it from you by force. His plan is to work himself into your confidence, and having done so, despoil you. In accomplishing his end he has just as much pity for his victim as a highway robber, but not more. It would seem at a glance as if this were a difficult as well as dangerous game, yet it is often played by men

who are deficient in education as well as in manner, and, of course, morals. The cleverest confidence man who has visited England for many years is now wanted by the police of London and New York, to say nothing of the police of other cities, and there are a large number of private individuals who would also be pleased to meet him. He came to London in July and stopped first at the Savoy Hotel. He was introduced by a young man named McDonough, an American, as a director of the Standard Oil Company. To some of those to whom he was introduced the additional information was given that the "Oil King" was anxious to buy the Joliet Steel Works, a very large American establishment. A number of those whom the "confidence" man met became suspicious of him early in the hunt, as he had been introduced to one gentleman on a certain evening as Mr. Griffiths, while on the following day this same gentleman was rather staggered by having Griffiths presented to him as Mr. St. Elmer. The discrepancy was mentioned to the aforementioned McDonough, who in turn mentioned it to Griffiths.

WHO LAUGHED IT AWAY.

on the ground that his name was really St. Elmer Griffiths, and that he was accustomed to use both names indiscriminately. It afterwards transpired that Griffiths, alias St. Elmer, had also visited this country under the name of Graham; but this circumstance did not come to light until it was too late to be of use. McDonough, upon his arrival in London, said he was the manager of a syndicate that intended to build a music-hall on the lines of the Empire, though on a much grander scale. It was pointed out to him that the excise laws of New York made such a scheme impossible; that neither the excise authorities nor the police, who are supposed to enforce the rules and regulations laid down by the Excise authorities, would allow such an enterprise to have even a fair start. He simply looked wise and said, "That has been all arranged." To such New Yorkers as heard this expression it seemed almost impossible that he could be speaking by the book; still, they also knew that in New York, with the police, almost all things are possible with a full exchequer in the background. McDonough said that his syndicate was not in need of money. "We have all the money we want," he said; and when asked how much that was, replied, "We have 600,000 dollars, and can get as much more as we want." He called upon some of the officials of the Empire Theatre, and they courteously promised to give him all the assistance in their power. They afterwards discovered that he wanted more than ideas; that the alleged New York Syndicate would not object to put some English gold into their coffers. They then lost interest in McDonough. The latter was seen in many favourite resorts in London, and in some resorts that cannot be accurately described as "favourite," or at least favourable. It was through McDonough that Griffiths, alias St. Elmer, alias Graham—and only the "confidence man" knows how many other aliases—obtained his foothold among Americans in London. It is to the credit of the latter's shrewdness that Griffiths succeeded in swindling not a single one of them, though the mere fact that he was seen in the company of some of them may have

ENABLED HIM TO SWINDLE OTHERS.

Why he was able to swindle any one is almost beyond comprehension. Physically he was a big man, about six feet in height and strongly built. He looked as if he were barely on the pleasant side of forty years of age. He had a loud voice and a brusque manner. His English was execrable, and his conversation was thickly larded with such painful lapses as "I done" and "I seen." He talked glibly enough, in fact it was difficult for any one in his company to say a word. He did not like to listen. He always wanted to be the centre of attraction. He was invariably anxious to talk about himself, his position, his plans, what he had done, what he had seen. He had a fair imagination and was a moderately successful liar. He would talk by the hour on "oil," never permitting his listeners to forget that he was "a director of the Standard Oil Company." He knew enough about petroleum to satisfy anyone who was utterly ignorant of the "trade" that he had little to learn. He told several persons "in confidence" that he had come to England on a most important mission. This mission was to break down the oil market. He had 100,000 barrels of oil at his disposal, and expected more. This stock was in London, Leeds, and other points where it could be used to the most advantage. He removed his "traps" from the Savoy Hotel and took up his residence at the Hotel Metropole. He frequented the Café Royal and other first-rate restaurants, and though he sometimes gave dinners he was never seen to spend much money. His dinners, however, were never given at restaurants, but at hotels at which he stopped, and he stopped at several during his stay here. He was always "hail fellow" with all whom

he met, and seemed to spend all his nights at "clubs" which are invariably closed during the day. At a couple of these he showed his cleverness, for he so ingratiated himself with the proprietors that they allowed him to run up accounts of a comfortable size. These accounts have since become uncomfortable, as they are still unpaid. Griffiths, under the lead of McDonough, fell in with several pugilists and "did the town" with them. He also "did" one of them, one of the most widely known pugilists in the world, to the extent of £50. From an American who lives in Venezuela, and was here on business, and whom he met at his hotel,

HE BORROWED A CONSIDERABLE SUM.

and the way in which he "worked" this particular victim was the plan he generally adopted. A party of four or five were sitting in the smoking-room of one of London's principal hotels one afternoon. Griffiths was one of them; the American victim was another. A third was one of the firm of Studebaker Brothers, who are among the largest carriage-builders in the United States. Griffith had seen Mr. Studebaker standing in the corridor of the hotel. He knew him by sight. He went up to him, grasped him by the hand, shook it warmly, and said, "You must know me, Griffiths of the Standard Oil Company," and without pausing to take breath launched out into a story about a trip that he and Mr. Studebaker's brother had taken, winding up with his opinion of the oil trade and business in general. Mr. Studebaker concluded that he must have met Griffiths somewhere and forgotten him. He did not for a moment question the truth of what Griffiths had said, and was so pleased with the confidence man, who rattled off a couple of pleasant stories, that he introduced him to an English friend—one of the largest steel manufacturers in Great Britain. There is nothing to be gained by giving this gentleman's name, and for the purposes of this article it may be understood that his name is Lamb. The "confidence man" invited Mr. Studebaker and Mr. Lamb and his American victim, who shall be known as Verrall, into the smoking-room. They were willing, and when all were seated Griffiths said, "Now what will you have?" There were four calls for whisky and soda. Griffiths told several stories and had a great deal to say about the oil business. He also broached a plan which he said he had had in his mind for a long time. This was nothing less than the purchase of a large property owned by Mr. Lamb. The latter had no desire to sell, but he was so impressed by Griffiths that he invited him to call upon him at his place of business. Griffiths promised to do so, and as the party then rose he said to Verrall, in an aside, "Pay for those whiskies, old man. I have no small change about me. I'll give it to you later."

VERRALL PAID FOR THE WHISKIES.

That evening he told Verrall all about his schemes for breaking the oil market, and offered him an option in 60,000 barrels of oil for a month, adding that he "always likes to put his friends on a good thing." He also showed a draft for 20,000 dollars in order to prove that, although he was for the moment short of funds, he had plenty of money at his command, to say nothing of his 100,000 barrels of oil. Of course, it was not a difficult matter for a man like Griffiths to get hold of a bank draft, though the one he showed was worth just so much waste paper. Still, he managed to borrow some money from Verrall. Then, in company with McDonough, who had been one of his companions on all his orgies, he took train for the town in which Mr. Lamb was one of the most prominent residents. He took rooms for himself and McDonough at an hotel, and leaving McDonough there, went to call upon Mr. Lamb. He found that gentleman at his office, and was shown by him over his extensive works. During the inspection Griffiths offered to alter the furnaces so that oil instead of coal could be burned. The evening, he said, would be a small fortune annually. Mr. Lamb declined the offer, but thought none the less of Griffiths, who during the walk about the works said, casually, that he expected his "friend Rockefeller" in London "at almost any moment." He referred to Mr. John D. Rockefeller, of New York, the President of the Standard Oil Company. He expected that as soon as Mr. Rockefeller heard where he was he would take the next train for Mr. Lamb's town. He must engage rooms at the hotel for him. This he did later in the day. Griffiths spent several days with Mr. Lamb, from whom he borrowed £150. He had left London hurriedly, he said, and with only £50 in his pocket, though he had a cheque in his pocket for £800. It was past bank hours when he produced the cheque. He wanted the money, he said, to send a young scamp, the son of a friend of his, back to America. The "young scamp" was McDonough. He afterwards said that he had given the "young scamp" the money, and that instead of taking ship for home, he had

TAKEN A TRAIN FOR LONDON.

This made him short again, so he borrowed £50 from Mr. Lamb's son-in-law,

He gave a dinner at the hotel to Mr. Lamb and some of his principal employees. When ready to take the train for London, in company with the "young scamp," who had been kept in the background, Griffiths told the hotel clerk that Mr. Lamb would pay all bills. He also borrowed £7 from the clerk, and told him to put that down to Mr. Lamb also. Then Griffiths and McDonough came back to London, and as the train was getting hot he disappeared. It was then that McDonough began to say curious things about Griffiths, how he had made a huge haul in Australia by swindling, how he had "done" Mr. Lamb, and, finally, how the "confidence man" had "done" him. He said that Griffiths, after getting all his money, had taken a top-coat and an umbrella belonging to him. He went so far as to say that he would disfigure Griffiths if he ever came in contact with that person, and he told tales of the latter's dark deeds that would fill a fat volume. A warrant was obtained for the arrest of Griffiths for obtaining money under false pretences, but it has not been served, as almost immediately after his visit to Mr. Lamb the "confidence man" vanished. It is said that in America Griffiths is well known, not only as a "confidence man," but as an expert forger and "shover of the queer," as persons who circulate counterfeit money are called in the United States. He has worked in his peculiar way in Australia, the United States, Canada, England, and the Continent, but, so far as is known, has never done time except at St. Quentin, in California.

A "JOHNNIE" APOLOGISES.

A Clerk Champions the Cause of a Young Lady who Objected to Flirting.

(Subject of Illustration.)

An episode out of the ordinary run of affairs transpired in a shop in the Borough the other day. A young lady, whilst making purchases in a shop, was greatly annoyed by a "Johnnie" who was too persistent in his attentions. She gave him a rebuff, but he appeared to take little notice of it, and pressed himself all the harder. The clerk became angered, and, picking up a walking-stick, he walked from behind the counter and demanded that an apology be immediately forthcoming. He murmured, but perceiving that the clerk would tolerate no nonsense the "Johnnie" dropped to his knees and humbled himself in a befitting manner. On rising he was ordered to leave the shop, which he did without parley.

LAW AS IT IS IN AMERICA.

How the Various Crimes of Stealing are Classified.

(Subject of Illustration.)

An American paper gives a fair summary of Yankee justice when it speaks as follows:—

"Steal a chicken and you are a thief; steal 1,000 dollars from your employer and you are an embezzler; steal 5,000 dollars from the Government and you are a defaulter; rob your competitor on the Stock Exchange of 10,000 dollars and you are a financier; rob him of 100,000 dollars, 500,000 dollars, and you are a wizard, a Napoleon of finance; wreck a railroad and gather it in and you are a 'magnet'; wreck a great railroad system and you are a 'railroad king'; conduct a 'negotiation' by which a strong nation plunders a weak nation of thousands upon thousands of square miles of territory, and makes the weak nation pay millions of money indemnity for the wrong it has suffered, and you are a diplomat. Truly, the times are out of joint."

The foregoing appears to be about as it is in America according to the reports in the various papers from day to day. Take a poor starving woman and let her take a loaf of bread from a bake-shop to keep her and her helpless children from dying, and it is judged theft; but the well-dressed woman, who has a good home and respectable connections, can enter a draper's shop, and load herself down with goods. So long as she feels that she is not detected she will continue to steal, and when caught in the act, an apology usually secures her freedom. Of course it is kleptomania, and the robbery is hushed up. A man who accepts a chance of his life to rob a safe for a hundred dollars is considered a burglar, but a polished villain is judged embarrassed in business when he falls for a small fortune, and has the fruits of his spoils carefully concealed for future use. Thousands may suffer from such a wholesale piece of robbery, but none dare cast a reflection on the gentlemanly thief's character. When the working man gets too much liquor aboard he is declared heavily intoxicated, and given the benefit of ten dollars or ten days; while the "gentleman" can rove about in a mandarin condition, and receive nothing worse than police escort to his domicile. Those who steal big money will make Canada their haven and receive protection, but the burglar who looks to steal enough to live on will find hard labour staring him in the face. Such is the interpretation of law in the land of the free.

A DARING HORSE THIEF.

An Eighteen-year-old Girl who Steals Horses and Breaks Gail.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The female department of the penitentiary at St. Louis, U.S.A., undoubtedly furnishes the most depraved types of humanity. Primarily, the partiality of courts and juries for women characterises every judicial system of civilisation; and so it must be a depraved and dangerous woman, indeed, whom a jury of Americans will sentence to penal servitude.

Decidedly the most unique personality of the female population of the prison is May Colvin. May is only eighteen years old, and is a rustic beauty. She has great blue eyes and a mass of towelled blond hair of Titian tint. Her form is luscious—well-rounded and plump—and her cheeks are red with the vigorous life of the Ozarks, whence she came. Her mouth is one that an impressionable artist would go wild over, with its cherry-red lips of sensuous curves, the whole forming the most perfect Cupid's bow. And withal May is a horse thief, and doesn't deny it. Certainly the confinement in the penitentiary has brought out her native beauty, that must have been blue and obscured by her exposure to all sorts of rough weather while fleeing over the plains and mountains of the Southwest from the officers, or else no jury could have ever been induced to give her a term in prison, especially for so common and plebeian an offence as stealing horses.

But May is not only a horse thief, but a goal breaker as well by her own confession. Her feat in breaking from the goal at Girard, Kan., where she was confined about two years ago for horse stealing, her escape to Jasper county, Mo., and her subsequent capture there and prosecution on an old charge will be recalled by the readers of newspapers.

"Well, I have no hard-luck story to tell," was the way May greeted a Press representative. "They made no mistake in my case. Nearly everybody else in here is innocent, according to their own statement, but I'm not—I'm here for stealing horses."

"When I heard you were here and wanted to see me, I thought you were an officer from Girard, Kan., and wanted to take me back there for breaking out of goal. I'm glad you are not, but I guess they'll come for me as soon as my term is out here, which will be in about fourteen months, if I behave myself. I've been a pretty good girl since I've been here. The reason for it, I guess, is that I haven't had a chance to be bad. However, I've so managed to break the rules as to be put in the dark room two or three times. But I'm going to behave myself from now on, so I can get the benefit of the three-fourths rule."

"I don't know why I've turned out so bad, unless it is that it was just born in me. My mother is a good woman, only thirty-five years old now, a member of the Methodist Church, and has been married three times. She raised me right, and my father, who is a dentist, was always kind and indulgent to me. I went to the public schools in Webb City until I was sixteen, and then the devilment began to crop out in me. I don't know why, either."

"Nobody ever taught me any wrong. I'm not like other women, either, in blaming my downfall on any man. Nobody broke in me. But I guess Charley Creech, my sweetheart, who is over on the other side of the wall for petty larceny, could tell you, if he would, that I was the cause of his going wrong. We'll get out of this place about the same time, and if the officers from Kansas don't grab me as soon as I get out of the gate, I guess I'll join him."

Miss May proved herself to be a brave and courageous rider, and would accept any risk in order to steal a horse. On one occasion she raced across the prairie, in the western part of the States, and those who saw her ride through at a distance claim she got speed from the stolen property which was good enough to win any ordinary turf event.

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Yes, it must be confessed that it was Mr. Croker who first took to salt water.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

America Beaten in the Clyde Regatta, and at Henley.



The Britannia.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The American representatives have suffered defeat both in the Clyde sailing regatta and in the sculling races at Henley. We produce a full-page illustration of the water carnivals of the past week. Everybody will recognise in the portrait on the upper left hand corner of p. 8 his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. No. 3 portrays Mr. George Gould, the American Millionaire Railway King, and the yachting scene shows the boats as they are striving for the honour. Guy Nickalls in the single scull race at Henley rowed John J. Ryan to a complete standstill, and paddled home a winner in fast time. Among other scenes witnessed at Henley was the capsizing of a pleasure boat, but fortunately it didn't result in a case of drowning. The colliding of the *Satanita* with the *Valkyrie* in the Clyde terminated in the loss of Lord Dunraven's craft and the disabling of the *Satanita*. The regatta was timed to start at half-past ten, and in the 100 guinea Muir Challenge Cup event, the *Britannia*, *Vigilant*, *Valkyrie*, and *Satanita*, were to start. After a few minutes spent by the yachts in cruising about, the preparatory gun was fired from the Commodore's vessel. Shortly after this it was that the accident occurred which ended the *Valkyrie*'s days. The *Satanita* was making for the starting line on the *Britannia*'s lee, when a small sailing boat coming down from the Holy Loch foolishly ran right into her course, heedless of the warning cry of the yacht's look-out man. The *Satanita*, to save the boat and its crew from destruction, luffed up immediately, avoiding the little craft, but so nearly that her boom knocked one of the latter's men overboard. He was picked up safely, but it was at once obvious to those on the spot that the salvation of the small boat meant something serious for the *Valkyrie*, which was coming down the Holy Loch on the port tack. The *Satanita*, which was also on the port tack, in trying to miss the sailing boat, found herself unable to ease away in time to clear the *Valkyrie*, and ran full into that ill-fated vessel amidships, with a crash that resounded on the shore 200 yards or more away. The *Valkyrie*'s side was stove in, the bows of the *Satanita* penetrating her for five or six feet, and inflicting a fearful rent. A serious hole was also made in the *Satanita*'s bows, and her bowsprit was carried away. Locked closely together the two boats swung round, and the *Valkyrie* collided with the steam yacht *Vandura*, her topmast going by the board. This was the first intimation to those on shore that there was anything very serious happening. A foul there was obviously, but the extent of the accident was not imagined. Then the *Satanita* drew off, and, to the horror of the people on shore and on the other craft in the bay, the *Valkyrie* heeled over slightly and sank in eighteen fathoms of water.

The wildest alarm prevailed on shore for some moments, for the fate of the crew was not known. But fortunately, with only one exception, the few escaped without hurt. Most of the men jumped on to the *Satanita* when the collision occurred or found refuge on a neighbouring steamer, while all the vessels in the proximity put out boats at once to render assistance. There was one lady on board—Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox—who was sitting on the companion hatch when the accident happened, and she was removed promptly in the *Valkyrie*'s own boat. Lord Dunraven himself, who was steering at the time, got safely on board the steamer, as did Mr. Watson, the designer of the *Valkyrie*, and the skipper, Captain Cranfield. Five or six of the men were thrown into the water, but save in one case they were picked up unhurt. The exception, a young deck hand, named William Brown, said to be a native of Colchester, was crushed between the side of the steamer and the *Valkyrie*, receiving compound fracture of the leg and severe internal injuries. He was at once removed on shore and conveyed to the Dancon Cottage Hospital. The unhappy disaster to the *Valkyrie* entirely overshadowed the rest of

the race, and even the subsequent victory of the *Britannia* over the *Vigilant* did not suffice to remove the feeling of gloom. Indeed, if sympathy can offer any consolation to Lord Dunraven at this time, he has it in plenty. The feeling of regret must be well-nigh universal; it cannot be confined only to yachtsmen, for the *Valkyrie* had come to be regarded as a national possession.

In the race the *Britannia* had the best of the start, but by cross tacking the *Vigilant* was gaining. The latter was leading near the weather mark by 2 min. and was forging ahead.

On coming round the mark boat the *Vigilant* was 2 min in advance of the *Britannia*, and going down the Channel again she increased her lead to 4 min 45 sec. The wind dropped, and then the *Britannia* displayed seamanship which soon brought both crafts on level terms. The race home was exciting, and resulted in the *Britannia* scoring a victory over the *Vigilant* by 33 sec.

MISS BILLIE BARLOW.

A Clever and Popular Burlesque, Pantomime and Music-Hall Star.

(With Portrait.)

MISS BILLIE BARLOW made her first appearance under the management of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, and appeared with that gentleman as Isabel in his production of the "Pirates of Penzance," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.

After an extended tour of the eastern cities of the United States of America, she returned in time to open the New Savoy Theatre, London. At the close of the run of "The Pirates" at that house, she again visited America with the same manager, appearing successively in "Manteaux Noirs," "Iolanthe," and "Rip Van Winkle," at the Standard Theatre, New York. At the end of the season, when the company left for England, she decided to remain and make her home in the States, accepting an engagement with Mr. E. Rice, to appear in his production of Offenbach's "Orphée aux enfers." After a long and successful engagement, she once more turned her attention to comic opera, appearing under the management of Mr. J. A. McCaul in such operas as "Falka," "Beggars' Student," "Nell Gwynne," "Nanon," "Amorita," and "The Gipsy Baron." This engagement lasted for two years, and at its conclusion she was engaged to accompany Mr. H. E. Dixey on a six months' trip to London, opening at the Gaiety Theatre in "Adonis," in the summer of 1890. At about the end of that season she resigned, and was immediately engaged by Mr. Edwards to appear in his Christmas production, "Monte Cristo, Jun." During the enforced absence of Miss Nelly Farren for a week she assumed the part of Edmund Dantes at five minutes' notice. That was rather a big undertaking, but she accepted the opportunity an unfortunate chance presented, and she succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of everybody. At the close of the performance, the company, headed by Fred Leslie, gave her three hearty cheers, and afterwards Miss Farren, with her customary magnanimity, was the first to congratulate her, and presented her with a handsome bracelet. On the retirement of Miss Fay Templeton from the cast she succeeded that lady in the part of Farnaud. During her stay at the Gaiety she appeared in several comedies and comedietas, and at the conclusion of the engagement, went to the Grand Theatre, Islington, to play Little Jack Sheppard. Miss Barlow's first attempt at pantomime was at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where she appeared at the Theatre Royal as principal boy in Howard and Wyndham's production. In 1889 she appeared at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, in the pantomime of "Jack and the Beanstalk," which ran for three months. At the conclusion of the pantomime, and in response to many offers from various music-hall proprietors, she accepted an engagement at the Metropolitan, and has since appeared at all the principal London music halls. In 1891 she was engaged with the Hon. George Coppin, M.L.C., for a tour of the Australasian Colonies to star a burlesque, visiting Melbourne, Sydney, Ballarat, Bendigo, Geelong, &c., &c., returning to England in the autumn of 1892. She reappeared at the Pavilion and Tivoli; from thence she went to Bradford to play the title role in Mr. John Hart's pantomime of "Aladdin," returning to the halls at the conclusion of this engagement. Last year she appeared in pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, and this year she has been engaged by Mr. Isaac Cohen to create the title role in his grand annual at the Pavilion Theatre, Mile End, London.

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